



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

THE following contribution from a special correspondent is of so much momentary interest that I cannot do better than include it in the first page. I can only remark that there are many other Canadians not named who are serving as privates, non-coms, and officers in the British Army. Canada has not been without bright and energetic boys who have listed as privates and become commissioned officers. A list of such cannot be obtained, but the following letter contains much which is instructive and entertaining at the present hour:

CANADIANS IN THE IMPERIAL SERVICE.

That one great fact too often obscures a preceding, but no less important one has been demonstrated within the last few weeks, when amid the shouting and enthusiasm which have rightly accompanied the departure of the Canadian Contingent, men have all but forgotten that for many years the Dominion has been feeding the Imperial Army her best and brightest, mainly through the medium of the Royal Military College of Kingston, over one hundred of whose graduates are at present commissioned officers in its ranks. Contingent or no Contingent, Britain could not to-day be at war in any quarter of the civilized or uncivilized world, without its horrors pressing hard on some Canadian homes. Scattered over the globe, with the troops in Britain, in India, in European garrisons, in out-of-the-way stations, wherever the British flag is flying, and, what concerns us most just now, in South Africa, towards which the whole world to-day is looking, are some-time R.M.C. cadets, giving of their strong, free, northern life to the military purposes of the Empire. Most distinguished amongst them is Girouard Bimbashi, who has temporarily left his important post, the presidency of all the Egyptian railways, and has been attached to General Buller's forces with, at thirty-two, the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel; the man who, Stevens says, "never loses his head, nor forgets his own mind;" who as a subaltern had a record sufficient to make the reputation of any engineer in the world.

And as with Girouard, so with the rest of Canada's martial sons, perfect machines all, and—greater marvel yet—thinking machines. Great Britain, realizing the worth of them, has put them alongside the pick of her army, and even with this fierce competition, Canadian skill and training, and muscle and brain, welded and applied by Canadian pluck, show conspicuously.

Around our men now in South Africa our keenest interest centers. Amongst these are Capt. Hensley of the Dublin Fusiliers; Lieut. McInnis, Royal Engineers, who has been fortifying Kimberley; Lieutenants Scott of the Staff Corps, Smith and Cory in the Dublin Fusiliers, and Wood of the North Lancashires. Not till we know the regiments at, or on their way to the front, can we tell just how many more are in the thick of it. We are certain, however, that several of the corps now in India will be ordered to South Africa, and with these are numbers of our men.

Small wonder that this, Great Britain's latest war, has stirred our young nation as it has never hitherto been stirred. Ours to-day is not the abstract glow of enthusiasm, the abstract thrill of sympathy, but the living glow and thrill of mother for son, and sister for brother, and the yet keener throb of a relationship dearer still. From every corner of the wide Dominion a prayer goes up for the welfare of our boys, who may be asked at any moment for their lives.

Toronto will think of the safety of her Denisons, one just gone as adjutant to the Contingent; of Sweeney, with the Royal Fusiliers, Bombay; of the Hodgins, one with the British Columbia Contingent, a prizeman in his day, the other in the Royal Artillery, who has already seen service with Sir William Lockhart in India. Old Port Hope school holds up proudly her head, as she points to McInnis, and Morris, and Von Hugel, and many another "T. C. S. fellow," bright ornaments to the British arms. Peterboro's heart is now in India with the Royal Engineers, for there Harry Rogers, one of the R.M.C.'s brightest sons, is stationed. The old garrison town of Kingston bears in mind the Straubenzies, Duff, with the Engineers in India, Lesslie there also; Sears, and Cartwright, and Skinner, at any moment liable to be ordered to the front. And Quebec rejoices that she has given Smith and de Lotbiniere and Dobelet to the Empire. In Montreal they speak of Sweeney with the Indian Staff Corps, and Lafferty with the contingent. Halifax is watching India, where Twining and Kaulbach are. Right loyally and willingly has Lower Canada sent her sons to the forefront, for Courtney is with the Royal Artillery at Azra, De Bury in Ceylon, Panet and Tilley with the Royal Engineers in India; men in whose veins flows the gallant blood of the old regime, side by side with men whose stock is purely British, but all true Canadians, one in their eagerness to serve under the Union Jack.

To spur them on to uphold the motto of their college, "Truth, Duty, Valor," comes the cherished memory of those who bravely met the glorious death in which their women exult through blinding tears. Mackay, who headed the list of those who entered the college at its opening in 1878, and who afterwards served with distinction in Africa, winning the D.S.O.; Stairs, of the Welsh Regiment, whose fame is imperishably linked with that of Stanley and whose story has passed into history; Robinson of the Royal Engineers, who was killed in action whilst, with conspicuous bravery, blowing up the gate of Tambi in Africa. A tablet to their memory was erected in St. George's cathedral, Kingston, jointly by their comrades of the R.M.C. and the Royal Engineers, thus making it not a colonial, but an Imperial tribute. A similar tablet was at the same time placed in Rochester Cathedral, Eng., which already contains memorials to many of England's best and bravest soldiers. The men under Capt. Stairs' command also placed a memorial tablet to him in the Church of Stanhope Lines, Aldershot.

And any day may bring us word of others of our kith and kin for whom the last "lights out" has sounded. Not for them will we grieve, for through valor, in the following of their Duty, they will have come to the full knowledge of the Truth.

G. C. M. WHITE.

Following is the list of R. M. C. graduates attached to the British forces in various parts of the world. A large number of these connected with the Indian regiments will be sent to South Africa:

Capt. C. A. Hensley, Royal Dublin Fusiliers, Natal.
Lieut. D. S. McInnis, Royal Engineers, Cape Town, S. A.
Lieut. R. K. Scott, Royal Artillery Staff, Cape Town.
Capt. G. R. Frith, R. F., South Africa.
Lieut. G. W. Cory, Royal Dublin Fusiliers, Natal.
Lieut. C. C. Wood, North Lancashire Regiment, Cape.
Capt. K. B. Cameron, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, India.
Capt. W. J. McElwain, R.E., India.
Capt. G. M. Duff, R.E., India.
Capt. H. C. Nanton, R.E., India.
Capt. F. G. Twining, R.E., India.
Capt. A. C. Joly de Lotbiniere, R.E., India.
Capt. W. F. Tilley, R.E., India.
Capt. C. S. Cowie, Royal Scots, Poonah, India.
Capt. W. B. Lesslie, R.E., India.
Capt. A. E. Panet, R.E., India.
Capt. A. G. Bumper, R.E., India.
Capt. H. S. Rogers, R.E., India.
Lieut. H. B. D. Campbell, R.E., Bengal, India.
Lieut. R. C. Morin, R.A., Delhi, India.
Lieut. W. J. Mitchell, Indian Staff Corps.

Lieut. J. J. B. Farley, North Staffordshire Regiment, India.
Lieut. W. F. Sweeney, Royal Fusiliers, Bombay, India.
Lieut. G. F. F. Osborne, R.E., Bombay, India.
Lieut. G. S. Wilkes, R.A., Roorkee, India.
Lieut. R. J. F. Hayter, Cheshire Regiment, India.
Lieut. C. M. Stephen, Cheshire Regiment, India.
Lieut. G. E. Hardie, Indian Staff Corps.
Lieut. H. Syer, Indian Staff Corps.
Lieut. G. B. Brown, Indian Staff Corps.
Lieut. F. F. Hunter, Indian Staff Corps.
Lieut. G. H. Rogers, Bedfordshire Regiment, India.
Lieut. A. B. Wilkie, Royal Sussex, India.
Lieut. R. D. Harvey, 4th Hussars, India.
Lieut. J. Peters, Indian Staff Corps.
Lieut. R. L. C. Sweeney, Indian Staff Corps.
Major A. Straubenzie, R.E.S.M.E., Chatham, Eng.
Major H. M. Campbell, Royal Horse Artillery, London, Eng.
Major E. B. C. Girouard, R. E., Pres. all Egyptian Railways.
Capt. E. V. O. Hewitt, Royal West Kent Regiment, Burmah.
Capt. C. B. Farwell, R. E., Bombay, India.
Capt. W. C. Henneker, Niger Coast Protectorate, Africa.
Capt. A. Adams, R. E., Egypt, Africa.
Capt. P. E. Gray, R. A., Kirkee.
Capt. J. W. S. Sars, North Staffordshire Regiment, Kinsale, Ireland.
Capt. G. S. Duff, R. A.
Capt. E. St. D. Skinner, Royal Sussex Reg't., Staff Employ.
Capt. E. T. Taylor, Cheshire Regiment Staff.
Capt. J. Z. Lang, R. E., Asst. Instructor, S. M. E., Chatham.

Lieut. F. C. Heneker, Royal Can. Leinster Reg't., Barbadoes.
Lieut. A. S. Evans, R.E., Crete.
Lieut. W. H. N. Cantlie, R.A., Woolwich.
Lieut. A. L. C. de B. Doucet, R.E., Berchaven.
Lieut. F. H. Courtney, R.A., Azra.
Lieut. A. E. Smith, R.A., Malta.
Lieut. A. E. H. Dean, R.A., Jersey.
Lieut. G. W. Denison, R.E., Chatham.
Lieut. H. St. G. Hamersley, R.A., Malta.
Lieut. H. R. Payzant, Lancashire Fusiliers, Malta.
Lieut. E. D. Carr-Harris, R.E., Chatham.
Lieut. H. L. Bingay, R.E., Chatham.
Lieut. J. L. G. Ridout, R.A., Gibraltar.
Lieut. H. R. Poole, R.A., Gibraltar.
Lieut. H. A. Kaulbach, Royal Warwickshires, Colchester.

The following Royal Military College men have gone with the Canadian Contingent:

Capt. A. H. Panet, R.C.A., as Lieut.
Capt. H. E. Burstale, R.C.A., as Lieut.
Capt. A. G. Hodgins, as Lieut.
Lieut. C. J. Armstrong, as Lieut.
Lieut. A. C. Caldwell, as Lieut.
Lieut. F. D. Lafferty, R.C.A., as Lieut.
Lieut. C. W. Weldon-McLean, as Lieut.
Cadet J. K. Macge, as Private.
Major J. C. MacDougall, as Adjutant.
Major J. S. A. Denison, as Quartermaster.
Major R. Cartwright, specially attached.

who creates the noise or who fights the flames, so long as we have a good organization and a low rate of fire insurance. If the pleasant and affable men who are now sitting around the fire halls are not the right class, I shall feel sorry to see any of them displaced, yet I shall feel glad to know that the brigade is in better shape and that insurance rates are going down. Hitherto it has not mattered whether we bought new hose reels, or fire trucks, or engines, or anything else; rates have remained the same or gone higher. It is said to have been discovered by some one that the fire brigade itself is not up to what it should be, that the chief has been incompetent, and that we are quite at the mercy of any little conflagration that starts. When we start to rectify this thing let us do it well. Let the fire underwriters be asked to nominate or assist in choosing the chief, and to state distinctly what they demand in order that a reduction of the rates may be had. Politics won't go in this sort of thing, because political influence, hitherto, has not benefited us in the organization of any department of the city's mechanism nor in reducing the taxes. Let the whole scheme be thoroughly threshed out, a new man appointed who is not objectionable to the underwriters, a chief given to the brigade, and a new system inaugurated.

Our small politics will utterly fail to meet the situation. Business men may feel quite strongly with regard to tariffs and things which concern their material welfare, but Mayor Shaw or his possible successor cannot achieve any success by lending himself to a one-horse job of reorganizing the brigade. I think I occupy the same position as almost every private individual in Toronto when I say that I know nothing about the necessities of reorganization, but in common with others I have been told, and believe, that it must be thorough. To be thorough and to meet the demands of the underwriters, someone who has nothing to do with fire-hall politics should be appointed, and he should be given the entire control of the fire-fighting force. Let us have this thorough reorganization; let us have the outsider; let us have anything and anyone that will protect us from the extraordinary exactions of the fire insurance companies. I am unprepared to say that they are asking too high rates, but I am prepared to say that they are asking rates which business men cannot afford to pay. If there is any means of escaping from these exactions let us find them. If there is any good man to be had let us find him, and after we find him let us leave the fire department in his hands as we have left the health department in the hands of Dr. Sheard, and the street cleaning department in the hands of Commissioner Jones, and the police department in the hands of Colonel Grasset.

What we need is a man who understands the handling of men, the discipline which will make the fire halls the center of a rugged and hard worked body of men, and the fire-fighting of the town a business which we can depend upon being attended to by those who are in fit physical, mental and moral condition to do the best that is possible to be done. Probably the applications for situations on the fire force would not be so numerous if the work were a little harder. It is not at all unlikely that the men would be in better shape. It may be true that all our expensive paraphernalia would be better handled. Indeed, it does not seem unlikely that much good would come out of the strongest kind of handling of the whole force.

The man who does his duty under the new circumstances would not come under public scrutiny. The man who does not do his duty should be dismissed by the head of the department. Aldermanic and political pull should have nothing to do with the affair. In this matter I think I am speaking only as the citizens feel. Like myself they have been satisfied with all the splurges and street performances of firemen who go at a gallop to investigate an alarm. That has been insufficient and, if we are to believe those who rule us, has been performance only. Let us have the real thing now. We have been made suspicious by published reports. Let our suspicions be allayed by such drastic reorganization of the whole thing, and such an absence of political and aldermanic pull, as will satisfy not only the populace, but those who have the fixing of insurance rates.

CHAMBERLAIN and Kipling seem to be the masters of the situation. One is making the campaigns and the other the songs of a great empire. Chamberlain is now the greatest man in sight in European politics, for he is doing what all the other nations have tried to do, and doing it successfully. Other nations have tried to found colonies, but Great Britain alone has had success in administering the affairs of new nations. The enthusiasm which Chamberlain has fructified and organized has made the Greater Britain. His insight into the necessities of the scattered colonies of South Africa perhaps meets with greater appreciation in Canada than elsewhere. That he is confederating Australasia and is making it possible for South Africa to be a unit, shows him to be a statesman so far-seeing that his future in the Imperial Cabinet cannot be minimized. Canada is with him because he has afforded so many signs of appreciation of what colonies mean to Great Britain—a talent hitherto lacking in the great men of Great Britain—that according to his view of what the colonies mean, they are the strength and bulwark of the whole Empire. Our people, through their leaders, are throwing themselves at his feet because they are enamored of the idea. No statesman is so great and no politician so astute that he cannot make mistakes, and any symptoms of keeping our Canadian head level and watching for the result will be esteemed as a sign that we are not altogether actuated by excitement or the exaltation of a military spirit. This is the position that we should occupy. If anything is let go wild, if there be a military madness created by means of loyalty and the spirit of adventure, let us not as Canadians lend ourselves to it beyond making a military demonstration, but, by showing self-restraint and the power to meet every emergency, prove our fitness to not only share in the glories of an empire, but our right to take part in its government.

AT the convention of the Master Printers of America, held in New Haven, Conn., in September, a paper was presented by one of the best known members of the Typothetae, urging that in technical schools printing should be taught as one of the principal auxiliaries to a general education. Why not! The "case," as we call it in printers' parlance, next to the common school is the best educator of boys. The lad who learns to set type must learn to spell, punctuate, and be accurate. Printing is not a mystery, nor with machines in offices without number can the business of being a printer be made a close corporation. I believe it would benefit every large school to have a little printing office in connection with it. The training of the eye and the hand, the coming in contact with what is bad in form, workmanship and general appearance, is the first corrective of the carelessness of youth, which imagines that nothing matters so long as a meaning is conveyed. The more printers there are the more people there will be who spell and arrange their written sentences with a view to criticism and correction. Young people think that all things educational are a mere matter of theory. They seem to hold the view that if they are approximately right they are near enough for general usage, and can afford to make mistakes. I should like to see all the Public schools of this city provided with a few "frames," and a knowledge of typesetting, proof correction and exactness of statement disseminated as reading, writing and arithmetic.



LOOKING INTO THE FUTURE.

Capt. B. Van Straubenzie, South Wales Borderers Staff.
Capt. H. C. Carey, War Office, London.
Capt. E. O. Smith, Northamptonshire Reg't., Adj't. Northampton.
Capt. D. H. Ridout, R.E., War Office.
Capt. J. A. Moren, R.A., Adj't. Suffolk Harwich Vol'n't Art'ly.
Capt. P. H. De P. Casgrain, R.E., Southampton.
Capt. N. G. Von Hugel, R.E., Langard Fort, Eng.
Capt. T. C. Skinner, R.E., Dover, Eng.
Capt. H. Sloggett, Chatham, Eng.
Capt. G. Cartwright, Plymouth, Eng.
Capt. H. B. Strange, Adj't. Portsmouth, Eng.
Capt. C. R. Hodgins, R.A. Staff, Dover, Eng.
Capt. E. J. Duff, R.A., Woolwich, Eng.
Capt. H. C. Smith, R. Dublin Fusiliers, was with Eg'p't'n Army.
Capt. J. H. Laurie, Royal Lancaster Reg't., Singapore.
Capt. H. P. Leader, 6th Dragon Guard, Eng.
Capt. C. C. Luard, Adj't. Durham Light Infantry, Burmah.
Capt. G. B. Laurie, Adj't. Royal Irish Rifles Volunteers.
Capt. G. D. Luard, the Camerons, Adj't.
Capt. J. N. C. Kennedy, Chatham, Eng.
Capt. R. J. MacDonald, R.A., Ordnance Office, Chatham, Eng.
Capt. H. G. Joly de Lotbiniere, War Office.
Capt. F. E. L. Barker, R.A., Malta.
Capt. A. M. Cayley, R.A., St. Helena.
Capt. G. W. Johnston, R.A., Adj't. Sussex Volunteer Artillery.
Capt. C. M. Dobelet, Adj't. Royal Welsh Fusiliers, Hong Kong.
Capt. G. M. Kirkpatrick, R.E., Malta.
Capt. E. M. Morris, Devonshire Regiment, Aldershot (on its way to the front).

Lieut. W. A. Hamilton, Connaught Rangers, Meerut, India.
Lieut. H. B. D. Campbell, R.E., Bengal, India.
Lieut. W. C. Dumble, R.E., Bermuda.
Lieut. H. V. De Bury, R.A., Ceylon.
Lieut. F. F. Duff, Army Service Corps, Woolwich.
Lieut. H. W. Clinch, Army Service Corps, Woolwich.
Lieut. B. H. O. Armstrong, R.E., Sierra Leone.
Lieut. H. W. B. Hollinshead, R.A., Mauritius.
Lieut. V. L. Beer, R.A., Halifax, N.S.
Lieut. J. D. Doull, York-shire Light Infantry, Mauritius.
Lieut. J. W. O'borne, Camerons, Glasgow.

Capt. F. J. Dixon goes out as historical recorder.
Capt. J. Bruce Carruthers, as a Private.

MUCH is being said and written with regard to the appointment of a man to superintend the Fire Brigade of Toronto. Very little of all that has been contributed to the newspapers has a bearing on the greatest factor to business men, of how we can reconstruct our force so as to make the insurance rate less burdensome to those commercial institutions and individuals who have to pay what is simply a second tax rate to insure themselves against fire. In the small politics of the fire halls and their reference to aldermanic and mayoralty elections, I have nothing to do. I have no interest in the much esteemed "pull" of the firemen in aldermanic, provincial and general elections. If people are so badly informed and so susceptible to outside influences as to let the paid agents of the city coax or coerce them into any line of political conduct, I do not feel myself responsible, for I have had nothing to do with organizing the fire brigade or so persuading the people as to make them liable to such influences.

With regard to the tax which is imposed upon the people by the insurance companies it is quite a different matter. Through many different sources I have to settle with these companies and to bear the burden of incompetence and improper conduct. I am quite free to admit that a hose reel pulled by horses at a full gallop has always satisfied me that the fire brigade was all that it should be. To see the men going to a fire and creating mild excitement on the streets through which they passed has been quite satisfactory. I have always thought that the men were sufficient for any emergency, and I did not notice that the horses were too fat, or that the men were probably in poor condition to fight flames for more than fifteen minutes without becoming exhausted. I imagine that I am not unlike other people inasmuch as "rattle and roar" have been conclusive evidence of energy and ability. It seems that we have all been mistaken with regard to this sort of thing, and that many of the men are not fit to fight flames or anything else. Furthermore, it has been stated that if we had a proper fire brigade the underwriters would reduce the insurance rate. If this be the case, let us have the fire brigade reorganized. It matters nothing to me

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are. A little printing-press would not hurt the boys; the mixture of inks to produce a color is more difficult than the mixture of colors to produce a painting, and our Public schools could not do more towards practical education than by beginning with the simple but everlasting art of typesetting and press work.

THE acquittal of young Anderson at Winnipeg on the charge of robbing one of the banks there of \$62,000 came as surprising news to people living at a distance from the scene of the trial, who judged of the case solely by the reports published in the newspapers. In view of Anderson's acquittal some newspapers have drawn a parallel between the Anderson and Ponton cases, but I wish to remind my readers that the two cases are dissimilar in every respect, save that both were charged with robbery and both were acquitted. Although the two cases can not be placed in parallel at all, there is a common lesson to be drawn from them, and that is that the Crown, as well as the defence, must hereafter look to the character of its witnesses. Against young Ponton were arrayed three thieves, themselves guilty of the particular crime in question, and their concocted story told for their own considerable benefit, was flatly rejected as untrue by the jury. In the Winnipeg case, to convict Anderson it was necessary for the jury to believe the word of Davis against that of Anderson. The story told by Davis, corroborated as it was by the actual finding and restoration of all the money to the bank, might have been believed only for the deep-seated repugnance that all men have for those who play such a part as Davis played. In all times men have held the informer in contempt even when at times he vilely served good causes; but always the betrayer has aroused a still deeper resentment. By his own admissions Davis appears to have fastened himself upon the person and the affections of Anderson, eating with him, sleeping with him, chumming with him generally. He pursued his purpose persistently, insidiously and for money. The whole thing offended public sentiment and produced a revulsion of feeling, with the result that the jury acquitted the accused and discredited the accuser. Public opinion constantly grows more effective in this country, and it is generally manly and intolerant of sneaking methods and betrayals of men or women for gain of one kind or another. It is a creditable and healthy state of public feeling, too.

THE election of Judge Nash as Governor of Ohio by a sweeping majority came as welcome news to those who met him in the summer when he visited Toronto. He impressed everyone as a quiet, studious man, more resembling a Canadian judge than a Canadian politician. Most of us think of the public men of the United States as being more flashy and aggressive than our own, but all who came into contact with Governor Nash on his visit to Toronto found him a modest but forceful man. It may be that the heat of politics on the other side is responsible for the injury done to the reputations of public men, and that many of them on acquaintance would prove to be as unobtrusive and sincere as the man who is now Governor of Ohio. At all events, I think there are men in Toronto who will be slow to believe anything that may be said in disparagement of Governor Nash.

Social and Personal.

THE marriage of Miss Nettie Rolph, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rolph of Rosedale, with Mr. Graeme Gibson Adam, son of Mr. G. Mercer Adam, of Akron, Ohio, was solemnized in St. Simon's church, on Wednesday afternoon at five o'clock. The families of both bride and groom are known in Toronto, which until recently was the home of the groom's father, and a large circle of friends took an interest in the ceremony which united two Toronto people and made another Toronto home. The wedding party as it appeared in St. Simon's church was characterized by a certain dainty beauty not always present at weddings. Promptly at five o'clock the bride arrived at the church, and to the strains of that Wedding March, which has accompanied so many bridal processions, she entered with her father and attendants. First came the three bridesmaids, Miss Ethel Adam, sister of the groom, Miss Shiela McDougall and Miss Ellie Crease, then the bride in a lovely gown of white satin on train, her sunny hair crowned by a graceful veil which fell in artistic folds about her. After the bride and her father came two beautiful children, little Miss Wright and little Miss Rolph, all in white, their pretty faces looking out from under the most fetching white bonnets. The bridesmaids' dresses were of white organdie, and were very becoming, a quaint effect which lacked no beauty being produced by the fishus, which lay well down over the shoulders; they wore black picture hats and carried sheaves of white chrysanthemums, as did also the bride, who looked radiant as the ideal bride. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Prof. Clark, an old friend of the groom's father, and during the signing of the register a solo was rendered by Miss Jones. The groomsmen were Mr. Herbert Adam, of the Standard Bank, brother of the groom, and Mr. Bob Sweeney and Mr. Bert Rolph acted as ushers. After the ceremony the guests assembled at the home of the bride's parents, where an elegant *dejeuner* was served. Gifts many and beautiful were admired, and hearty congratulations and good wishes were presented to Mr. and Mrs. Graeme G. Adam as they stood in the drawing room, which was decorated with palms. A very bright and happy scene it was with the throng of guests chatting and laughing, while above sounded the music of the orchestra. On account of the delicate health of the bride's mother Mrs. Frank Rolph, Jr., undertook the active duties of hostess. Among the many presents I heard of a cheque, most practical, and a magnificent baby grand piano. Mr. and Mrs. Adam, amid a shower of the lucky rice from all directions, left at seven o'clock for the honeymoon, which is to be spent in New York and Philadelphia, and all good wishes from many friends are theirs.

Peace bath her victories, and golf champions are to be made of very dainty material. Miss Rose Davidson is the latest champion from the ranks of the gentler sex. Mrs. George Plunkett Magann has offered a jewel for competition in the High Park Golf Club, of which she is the lady president. The jewel is of a sort which will be much prized by the lady who is fortunate enough to win it. All the golfers are enjoying the unusually fine weather of this very prolonged fall, and laying up great store of oxygen for the winter.

Mrs. Richard Graham has returned home from a visit in New York. The Campana, which sailed from New York on Saturday, had Lady Aberdeen as a passenger. On the return trip the Campana will bring back to Canada the Countess of Minto, who has been in London for the marriage of her niece, Lady Sybil Beauclerk, and Captain Lascelles. By the way, the new *adieu* accompanies the Countess of Minto from England. He is Mr. Mann of the Prince of Wales' Own Norfolk Artillery.

The *Bal Poudre* on November 21 will be under the patronage of His Excellency the Governor General, His Honor the Lieutenant Governor and Miss Mowat, Sir George and Lady Kirkpatrick. The following ladies will act as patronesses: Mrs. W. D. Beadmore, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. W. Herbert Cawthra, Mrs. Gooderham, Mrs. H. C. Hammond, Mrs. Angus Kirkland, Mrs. Hugh Macdonald, Mrs. William Mackenzie, Mrs. Montizambert, Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. H. M. Pellatt and Mrs. Sweeney. The stewards will be: Mr. A. H. Campbell, jun., Mr. W. H. Cawthra, Mr. Bertie Cassels, Mr. A. O. Beadmore, Mr. W. H. Bunting, Mr. Percy Manning, Mr. H. J. Martin, Mr. Leighton McCarthy, Mr. H. J. Minty, Mr. J. Moss, Mr. George Heward, Mr. F. Gordon Osler and Mr. Sidney Smail.

Mr. Lyon Foster has been ordered from London to Montreal by the Bank of Commerce. Mr. Edward Fuller has been removed from London to Montreal, where he has been appointed assistant accountant by the Bank of Toronto, a promotion exceedingly popular and well deserved.

'Tis a far cry to Bellevue, but amply compensating are the attractions when the guest enters its hospitable portals, and an unusual treat was offered to the smart party of ladies who journeyed out on Monday afternoon, for Miss Lillian Littlehales and her superb *Guanaricus* cello were waiting to charm the visitors, who indeed enjoyed a treat of great excellence. A

pretty tea-table, crowned with odorous pink carnations and lighted with shaded candles, stood in one of the reception-rooms, and Mrs. Laidlaw, Miss Hoig, her guest from St. Louis, and others served all sorts of nice things to eat and drink. Mrs. Huyck Garratt sang some choice songs, and Miss Jones played. Among the many musical people were: Mrs. G. Allan Arthurs and Miss Arthurs, Mrs. Albert Austin, Mrs. and Miss Mabel Lee, Mrs. and Miss Bessie Macdonald, Mrs. George Dickson, Miss Ada Hart, Mrs. Beaumont Jarvis, the Misses Heaven, Mrs. McDowall Thompson, Miss Leila MacKay, Mrs. Frank Benjamin, Mrs. Darling and Miss Warren, Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Mrs. and Miss Lash.

Mrs. Darling of Ravensmount is entertaining her nieces, the Misses Warren of Chicago. Mrs. W. Mulock is the hostess of her popular little cousin, Miss Brown of Sherbrooke, in whose honor she gave a very pleasant progressive euchre last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Somerville removed this week from Athelstone in Church street to the beautiful residence, Athelby, in Jarvis street, recently purchased by Mr. Somerville from the Fitch estate. Mrs. Somerville has always been one of Toronto's most successful hostesses, the record of attendance at her teas and receptions being tremendous. Now, in the home of her young days, she will queen it even more charmingly. I hear that Miss Cockburn-Clemow, her niece from Ottawa, now visiting another aunt, Mrs. Hetherington, in Jarvis street, will shortly make a visit at Athelby.

Mr. W. J. Thorold's new book, *Near the Throne*, is to appear very shortly in novel and elaborate guise. Napoleon's ambitions in the Orient, in 1799, appeal not in vain to clever Mr. Thorold as suggestion for a vivid and powerful romance, in which a young French officer, a beautiful daughter of a native merchant in Cairo, and other promising personages, make the story. The book is illustrated gorgeously in the French method by pictures posed for by famous persons, and the letterpress is very elaborate. The author has become very well known through his success on the stage with the Julia Arthur Company, as well as through various clever articles on stage and its people. As he is a Toronto boy, his friends are naturally prone to much pride in his growing successes.

Mr. and Mrs. Petersen of Newcastle, who have been guests at Benvenuto, returned home last week. On Wednesday the Misses Mackenzie returned from their long stay abroad and were welcomed by the home circle at Benvenuto with great delight.

Three teas of importance are on the tapis for next Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Gooderham of Waverley is the hostess of one, and Mrs. J. Lorne Campbell of 21 Walmer road is the second hostess who has selected the sixteenth as a day to devote to the entertainment of a bright *coterie* of friends. Mrs. Grant Macdonald is also giving a tea on November 16.

Mrs. George Moranz has returned from a short visit in Montreal. Mrs. Heaven, one of the most appreciated of the many charming women who have sojourned a while with us from across the line, returns to winter under the Stars and Stripes. Her distinguished presence and superior culture have adorned and brightened many a choice assembly, where she will be sadly missed this season.

The Misses Moleworth have removed from Spadina avenue to 18 Delaware avenue.

Mrs. Hugh George gave a tea yesterday afternoon. Mrs. Vandersmissen gives a young folks' tea for her daughter to-day.

Mrs. James P. Langley will receive the first and third Mondays in her new home, 337 Sherbourne street.

Mr. and Mrs. James Madden and daughter have removed to 58 Prince Arthur avenue, where Mrs. Madden will be at home on the first and third Fridays of each month.

Much deplored is the death of Mr. Raynold Gamble, which occurred at sea on the way home from England.

Miss Widdifield of Glenbyrne, 178 St. George street, has sent out cards for an At Home for Saturday, November 18, from five to seven o'clock.

The Misses Kirkpatrick of Bedford road have returned from a visit in Montreal. Mr. and Mrs. Granville Cunningham and their niece, Miss May Dawson, are in London, and many congratulations are given to Mr. Cunningham on his appointment as managing director of the London and Metropolitan Underground Electric Railway, with London headquarters. Colonel Eyre, recently at Sydney, C.B., is in Toronto en route for Winnipeg this week. Inspector Cosby of the N.W.M. Police is now at Regina.

One of those interesting affairs, a *debut* tea, was given by Mrs. Young of St. Alban street on Tuesday for her debutante daughter, Miss Agnes Young. Mrs. Young the debutante and Miss Motherwell, her cousin, were the receiving party, while five pretty girl friends attended to the tea-table, which was very effectively decorated in white and crimson.

Mrs. Frank Hodgins, (nee Lockhart), will hold her post-nuptial receptions on next Monday and Tuesday afternoons at Cloynewood.

Mrs. Capon leaves to-morrow for Louisville, Kentucky, to attend the wedding of Miss McGregor of that city. She will remain away for some weeks visiting Miss McGregor and Miss Shirley, and it is hoped her health will be much benefited by the change.

The topics of the week have been Clara Butt's voice, Miss Violet Gooderham's voice, the next week's exodus of several smart parties to the Horse Show in New York, the St. James' cathedral dispute, the wedding at Saint Simon's, the coming ceremony in St. George's, and the horseback accident to Miss Melvin Jones. If you entered a drawing room without encountering one of these your experience was singular.

Incidental to the Tripp recital, which was an exceedingly smart affair artistically and socially, was a jolly little adjournment to the home of Mrs. Garratt in Bay street for more music from her guest, Miss Littlehales, and a bit of supper. A dozen intimates enjoyed a pleasant hour there.

Next Tuesday, November 14, Mrs. George Peters will receive at her new home, 201 College street. Mrs. Peters will also receive on November 15.

The White House was filled with a pleasant party on Monday afternoon, who enjoyed hearing the sweet singing of Miss Dignam and Miss Beatrice Dartnell, and also the opportunity of welcoming Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Fraser to Toronto. Mrs. Fraser's handsome niece, with a party of girl friends, took charge of the creature comforts of the guests, among whom were: Mr. Arthur Harvey and Mrs. Harvey, Mrs. Heaven, Mr. Beaumont Jarvis and Miss Hamilton, Mrs. Hamilton, Dr. Grant, Mr. Fred and Miss Florrie Patterson, Miss Gyp Armstrong, Mrs. Dignam, Mrs. Charles Fuller, Miss Fuller, Mrs. Newman, Mrs. Graves, Professor and Miss Hirschfelder, Mrs. Massey, and many others.

Mrs. T. L. Nicholls of Chatham is visiting Mrs. Hector Lamont in Sherburne street. A very welcome new hostess in Rosedale this season is Mrs. Graves, lately from India, who has come to Toronto for the education of her sons, and has already made many friends.

Next Wednesday the Chrysanthemum Show opens for four days in the Pavilion, and the promises are great of the glorious display to be enjoyed. Not only the lordly 'mum, but the queenly rose, the aristocratic orchid, the odorous carnation and the dainty violet are to be on hand in all their perfection. A flower show always appeals to the cultured and refined classes, and has a comprehensible charm for the humblest lover of nature as well.

A number of very exquisite gowns are being prepared for the coming dances. I hear that some of the quaintest effects are

designed for the *bal poudre*, which takes place next Tuesday week, and that the loveliest of frocks is to be worn by a Beverley street beauty.

Such a welcome change from crescent pearl pins were the bridegroom's gifts to the maids who attended Miss Rolph on Wednesday. They were the daintiest of *catelaine vinaigrettes*, and much admired.

Mr. and Mrs. Murton have taken Mrs. Fred Patterson's house, 31 Brunswick avenue, and Mrs. Murton receives on the first and third Thursdays. Mr. Murton has come to Toronto with the removal of the Canada Life Company to this city.

The lady patronesses of the Argonauts' dance are: Miss Mowat, Mrs. Walter Beadmore, Mrs. A. P. Burritt, Mrs. E. M. Chadwick, Mrs. A. R. Denison, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. Alex. Fraser, Mrs. Gooderham, Mrs. T. P. Galt, Mrs. H. C. Hammond, Mrs. Greville Harston, Mrs. Wm. Ince, jr., Mrs. Wm. Mackenzie, Mrs. G. A. Sweeney. A committee-room at 12 King street east will be opened on Monday, Nov. 20, and tickets for the ball are placed at \$2 each. By present indications the Pavilion will be none too large for the stalwarts and their friends.

A dinner, at which Sir William Van Horne was the guest of honor, was given by Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Fraser at their residence, 22 Beaconsfield avenue, on Wednesday evening, to a party of gentlemen. Mr. Fraser can write a good story, turn a good verse, and moreover can also make a curry in Indian style to bring tears of joy to the eyes of an epicure.

'Varsity Athletic dance is ante-dated from last week's announcement. Instead of December 1, which conflicted with Victoria Conversat., it will be held on November 29.

Mrs. Hemming receives on Friday afternoons at 562 Spadina avenue. Mr. Fred Roper and Miss Roper are living in apartments at 2 College street, where Miss Roper will receive the second and fourth Tuesdays.

The chief topic around the Dental College seems to be the At Home, which is to be held in the College Building on December 8. The committee in charge seem bent upon making the At Home this year eclipse even the success of last year's event. If we may judge from the elaborate preparations, the many friends of the Dentals who are looking forward to this event will not be disappointed. We wish the committee every success.

A *musical* under the auspices of the West End Flower Mission was given last evening in the drawing-rooms of Mrs. T. M. Harris, 8 Madison avenue. The audience was a large one, and they listened to a programme given by such artists as Miss Tessa McCollum, Miss Ella Ronan, Mr. Paul Hahn and other friends of the society. The collection taken amounted to over fifty dollars. A short synopsis of the work was given by Mrs. Harris, to whom is due a large measure of the success of the evening. After the programme Mrs. Harris entertained the entertainers and a few of their friends in her own charming way.

On Wednesday evening the smartest regiment that ever happened paraded before a crowd of admiring friends, and was inspected by Major Young, who is in command while Colonel Otter is in Africa. The presentation of prizes was afterwards made by Mrs. Delamere, Mrs. Pellatt, Mrs. Bruce, wife of Colonel Bruce, R.G., and Mrs. Young, wife of the Commanding Officer of the District, after which the officers of the Q. O. R. entertained a large party of ladies in the mess-room. A charming lot of pretty girls and dashing matrons, with several brides, were there, and the *buffet* supper was very well served by Webb. Major Young, always popular, was the recipient of warm welcomes from all on his initial inspection, and is, by the way, pretty busy all over the country with the same duties, and moreover, looking remarkably well after a trying two years in the far Yukon.

Last week it was announced that the annual At Home and dance of the University of Toronto Athletic Association would take place on the evening of Friday, Dec. 1. The management, however, on learning that Victoria College had arranged for that date have decided to hold the athletic dance on the Wednesday preceding, i.e., Nov. 29. Elaborate preparations are being made by the committee in order to make the event more popular than ever. The invitations will be issued next week, and may be obtained from the secretary at the gymnasium. They will be limited to four hundred in order to prevent over-crowding in the gymnasium.

The annual conversatone of Victoria University, to be held in the College Building on the evening of December 1, promises to be a most enjoyable function. The committee in charge of arrangements are endeavoring to provide a programme of high merit, and the building will be tastefully decorated for the occasion. The following ladies have very kindly accorded their patronage: Miss Mowat of Government House, Mrs. J. M. Treble, Mrs. T. Eaton, Mrs. C. D. Massey, Mrs. A. E. Kemp, Mrs. H. H. Fudger, Miss Coleman, Miss Atkins, and the wives of the members of the Senate and Faculty, of whom the following have kindly acceded to the request of the committee: Mrs. N. Burwash, Mrs. G. A. Cox, Mrs. J. W. Flavell, Mrs. A. E. Ames, Mrs. R. A. Reeve, Mrs. R. P. Bowles, Mrs. J. R. L. Starr, Mrs. J. Burwash, Mrs. L. E. Horning, Mrs. J. J. McLaren, Mrs. James Allen, Mrs. W. R. Parker of Toronto Junction, Mrs. W. C. Henderson of Burlington, Mrs. A. Burns, Mrs. F. C. Colbeck of Toronto Junction, Mrs. A. E. Lang, Mrs. B. M. Britton of Kingston, Mrs. J. C. Robertson, Mrs. Petch, Mrs. W. R. Riddell, Mrs. A. Carman, Mrs. James Mills of Guelph, Mrs. L. M. Sweetnam, Mrs. William Kerr of Cobourg, Mrs. A. L. Langford, Mrs. J. J. Hare of Whitby, Mrs. William Briggs, Mrs. H. Hough, Mrs. F. H. Wallace, Mrs. J. F. McLaughlin, Mrs. W. W. Ogden, Mrs. W. E. H. Massey, Mrs. E. A. Chown, Mrs. A. J. Bell, Mrs. C. C. James, Mrs. W. W. Dean of Lindsay, Mrs. W. S. Griffin, Mrs. F. W. Merchant of London, Mrs. J. B. Grafton of Dundas, Mrs. Nelles, Mrs. R. I. Warner of St. Thomas, Mrs. E. I. Badgley, Mrs. A. H. Reynar of Cobourg, Mrs. J. Potts and Mrs. E. Mason.

A very pretty house wedding took place on Wednesday afternoon at the residence of Dr. Bates, 383 Main street, Hamilton, the contracting parties being Isabel Gordon, eldest daughter of Capt. Wm. Anderson of Woodstock, and Dr. R. Gordon McLean of this city. The ceremony was performed at four o'clock by Rev. J. Young of St. John's Presbyterian church, Hamilton. Miss Nene Anderson, B.A., sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, gowned in white *mousseline de soie*, and carrying pink roses; and Mr. Ernest L. McLean, of lacrosse fame, was best man. The bride looked charming in a white gown of duchesse satin, *en train*, with *guimpe* of shirred chiffon, and carried the customary bouquet of white roses, while the going-away dress was a brown tailor-made. A large contingent of Toronto friends went up by the 2:10 train, who, with the members of the family from Woodstock and Galt, made a very jolly party. The happy couple left by the seven o'clock train for Washington and the South, accompanied by the good wishes of their friends, which were also manifested in a more substantial manner by many beautiful presents, testifying to the high esteem in which the young couple are held.

A quiet and pretty house wedding took place at the residence of Mr. George T. Barrett, 196 Beaconsfield avenue, on Wednesday, November 1, when Dr. Robert Constantine Griffith was married to Miss Edna Blanche Barrett. The bride looked very charming in a traveling suit of easter broadcloth and black picture hat, and carried a huge bouquet of white chrysanthemums. Miss Clara Barrett was bridesmaid, and also wore a easter broadcloth suit, and carried pink chrysanthemums. Mr. W. S. Ziller was best man. The nuptial knot was tied by the father of the groom, Rev. Dr. Griffith of Quebec, and only a few of the intimate friends of the contracting parties were present, including Mr. and Mrs. William Barrett of St. Thomas, Mrs. W. H. King of St. Thomas, Mrs. H. Comfort of St. Thomas, Mrs. A. C. McKenzie of Elmira, N.Y., Miss Florence Boyce of Port Huron, Mr. J. H. Walker of Aylmer, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Gillon of Norwich, Dr. and Mrs. A. Rice of Woodstock, and Dr. J. R. Arthur of Collingwood. Mrs. Griffith will receive upon the first and third Wednesdays at 12 Macdonell avenue, Toronto.

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Notes from the Capital.

LADY ABERDEEN'S visit to Ottawa was a success in every way, and she expressed herself thoroughly pleased with it. The women of the Local Council, the girls of the May Court, the nurses of the Victorian Order, and all the other orders and societies in which she has taken so active a part, were charmed to see her again. She visited them all—talked with them, asked and answered questions, and gave quantities of good advice. The only public demonstration in honor of the Countess here were the tea given by the Local Council on Tuesday and the May Court reception on Wednesday. The latter could hardly be called public, for it was strictly confined to members of the May Court, whom the Countess expressed a wish to meet and have a heart talk with. The Council tea was a smart function, limited to tea and coffee, cake and conversation—no music and men. There were no addresses, only a few words from the president, Mrs. Edward Griffin, and a few answering words from the Countess. At the May Court there were flowers and an address, both charmingly presented by the president, Miss Ethel Hamilton. The Countess whispered to someone during the "tea" part of the entertainment that she never saw so many good-looking girls together before. "Really pretty girls," she said. That speaks well for the May Court, does it not? The Countess of Aberdeen was given quite a good send-off on Wednesday afternoon when she left from the C.P.R. station for Montreal and Quebec. Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier were there, Mr. and Mrs. Blair, Hon. R. W. Scott, Major-General and Mrs. Hutton, Dr. and Mrs. Herridge, Sir Sandford Fleming, Professor and Mrs. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Courtney, Miss Hamilton and Miss Scott of the May Court, as well as many others, to wish her ladyship *bon voyage*.

Lady Aberdeen sailed from New York on Saturday in the Campania, and on the return trip of this steamer the Countess of Minto will be a passenger, accompanied by the new A.D.C., who, it appears, is a Mr. Mann, an officer in a militia regiment. The sending of so many regiments to South Africa made smart young military men rather scarce in London—consequently Lady Minto had some difficulty in finding an A.D.C., and at the last has had to be content with a militiaman instead of the "real thing." However, some one who knows some one else who knows, or knows of Mr. Mann, says he is sure to be popular in Canada, for he is charming, good-looking and six feet two. On Monday morning cards came out for a dinner at Government House on Thursday evening, a young people's dinner with dancing afterwards. It is said to be a farewell to Miss Granville, Mrs. Hutton's guest, who, with Lady Charles Paulet, sails next week in the Oceanic. Mrs. Hutton is giving a farewell tea for Miss Granville on Saturday afternoon. The General, who, by Capt. Bell's going off to the war, has been left without an aide, has, I understand, appointed Capt. Norman Leslie of the R.C.R. his aide until the other returns.

Capt. Lascelles, ex-A.D.C., was married to Lady Sybil Beauchamp in England on Saturday last.

Mrs. Drummond is going to spend the winter at Rideau Cottage, instead of going to England, as many people thought she would. Major Drummond is still military secretary on leave of absence.

The young daughters of His Excellency, the Ladies Eileen and Ruby Elliott, with their governess, attended Dr. Peterson's lecture before the May Court Club on Ancient Sculpture. Dr. Peterson is the principal at McGill. Prof. Clapper, who gives the other lectures in the series on the History of Sculpture, is a professor at McGill. A good-sized and well pleased audience listened to the first lecture last Friday night.

Social and Personal.

Everyone who knows Miss Melvin Jones has been most shocked at her accident, and endless enquiries have been made at Llaw-haden since Friday last, by hosts of friends. The bright circle of girl friends whom she entertained on the two days previous to the catastrophe felt most keenly her precarious condition. However, what might have been a fatality has fortunately been no worse than a casualty of some seriousness, and condolences are turning to congratulations upon her speedy recovery. Miss Melvin-Jones was riding, and her horse slipped on that *bele-noir* of equestrians, an asphalt pavement, whereon the young lady was thrown with some force and afterwards dragged by the stirrup for some distance before the strap was broken and her foot released. Her parents have had great sympathy in their anxiety about the recovery of their only and cherished child.

The Ladies' Committee of the Home for Incurable Children, 138 Avenue road, desire to thank the very many kind friends who have so generously responded to an appeal for money and donations of furniture, carpets, rugs, linen, etc., etc., and to state that such gifts are still most acceptable. Four coats are to be supported, at the cost of \$100 a year, by the Pure Gold Manufacturing Co. Hon. Sir John A. Boyd, Mr. E. R. Woods, and Mrs. John Kay, and many donations in cash and furniture have been already received.

Miss Justina Harrison is visiting friends in Milton. Mrs. Harrison is in Barrie.

Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Jones are living at 81 Madison avenue.

Mr. Hugo Ross has been on a business trip in the West for some weeks.

Mrs. William Whyte of Winnipeg has been for some days on a visit to Mrs. Jaffray at Surrey Lodge. Mrs. Everard Fletcher of Vancouver is visiting Toronto. Mrs. Hoyle is visiting her sister, Mrs. Norton Taylor. Miss Beatrice Dartnell is the guest of Mrs. Farrer at the White

House for the winter. Miss Lillian Little-hales was the guest of Mrs. Gunther at Bellevue, and of Mrs. A. Huyck Garra during her stay in Toronto for the Tripp recital.

Mr. T. C. Simons left Tuesday, October 31, with the Canadian contingent, per steamer Sardinian, which sailed from Quebec for South Africa. He went as artist and special correspondent for the Montreal Herald.

Miss Labatt, of London, Ont., is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Peters of College street.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Alfred Jones remembered Halloween by inviting a small number of friends for an informal evening.

Miss Wood, '99, has been the guest of Miss Powley at St. Hilda's College since convocation. Miss Kirkpatrick, '00, who was elected secretary-treasurer of the Athletic Club last term, sent in her resignation, owing to the fact that she is unable to attend lectures this year, but it was not accepted. The meeting of the Literary Society was postponed until Monday, November 6. Convocation week was too busy a one to admit of a programme being prepared, but on Monday there was a paper on College Life by Miss Talbot, '00, for the benefit of those who would green things, otherwise known as Freshies. The seniors devoutly hope it will prove edifying.

Mrs. Fred. Patterson and Miss Florrie Patterson are now living at 37 Maitland street. Mr. and Mrs. Willie Hope came to Toronto last week on a visit to Mrs. Hope's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jarvis. Baby Hope is not the least important member of the family party, and is much admired. Many friends are welcoming Mrs. Hope, who seems even more charming than when as Miss Connie Jarvis she was the belle of so many smart parties. Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis are now living at 142 Bloor street west.

Universal regret is felt at the coming leave-taking of Rev. Louis H. Jordan, pastor of St. James' square Presbyterian church. Mr. Jordan is giving a series of lectures this month upon Judas Iscariot. Youth and Early Manhood was the title of last Sunday's lecture, and to-morrow evening Whispers from the Tempter will particularly apply to the trials of that nature placed in the path of young men, to whom these lectures are specially addressed.

Die Linden, Rosedale, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Kantel, was recently the scene of a pleasant gathering in honor of their guest, Miss Middleton of Lindsay. Mrs. Kantel, in a handsome black gown, assisted by Miss Middleton, who looked pretty in pink silk organdie with touches of black. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Rutherford, Miss Maude McLean, Miss Violet, Mr. Dando, Mr. Parks, Miss C. McConnell, Mr. J. W. McConnell, Miss Bell, Miss A. Bell, Miss Gordon of Wingham, Mr. G. Begg, Mr. S. J. Rutherford, Miss Morton, Miss L. Morton, Mr. Armstrong, Miss Armstrong, Dr. Dunn of Beeton, Dr. Wilkinson, Mr. Forbes, and Mr. Wilson.

Mrs. George Gordon of Pembroke, with her charming little daughter, Dorothy, is visiting Mrs. Edwin E. Anderson, 33 Bernard avenue.

Miss Harman is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Handyside, in Montreal. Mrs. Senkler of St. Catharines is stopping for some weeks at Mrs. Mead's. Mrs. and Miss Orde are en pension in Jarvis street for the season. Mrs. Fleming of Rusholme road is to spend the winter in Florida. Miss Britton of Kingston is visiting Miss Kingsmill in Yorkville avenue. On Thursday afternoon, before the U. E. Loyalist Association, Miss Catherine Merritt read a paper on The Birthplace and Antecedents of Major Thomas Merritt.

Mr. T. T. Bower of Kingston was in the city for a couple of days last week.

On Wednesday evening, November 1, at the home of the bride, the marriage was celebrated at Mrs. Frederick Charles Taylor, formerly of Ann Arbor, and Miss Anna Smiley, youngest daughter of Mrs. Smiley of 14 Major street. Palms and chrysanthemums were used in the decoration of the residence, and the Wedding March was played by Miss Grant for the entrance of the bride, led by her brother, Mr. F. L. Smiley, of Osgoode Hall, barrister-at-law. The bridal gown was of white mousseline de soie with *fleur*, and the bouquet was a shower of bride roses. Miss Eva Wooley, in a white frock, was bridesmaid, and Mr. Herbert Breckenridge was groomsmen. Rev. J. A. Turnbull, L.L.B., was officiating minister. The wedding breakfast was served very daintily after many congratulations had been offered, and after Mr. and Mrs. Taylor left, the company spent a pleasant evening of music and singing. Many handsome gifts were made to the young couple. Among those present besides the family of the bride were: Rev. J. A. Turnbull, L.L.B., Mr. and Mrs. W. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Gourlay, Mr. and Mrs. J. Malcolm, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Spence, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Miss Lena Taylor, Mr. D. Grant, Miss M. Grant, Mr. H. Breckenridge, Mrs. Breckenridge, Miss Nellie Breckenridge, Mrs. Sylvester, Miss Sylvester, Miss Wooley, Miss Eva Wooley, Miss Cavell, Miss Carlyle, Dr. B. F. Nicholls and Mr. J. Hanna.

Far-away Blarney, with all its romantic surroundings, could not have made the touring Irish football team feel more at home than did the citizens of Peterboro' on the occasion of the visit of the team to that town on November 1. After the match in the afternoon, Peterboro's fairest ladies, along with their escorts, gathered at the spacious skating rink, where the Irishmen were tendered a reception. It was a scene inspiring to gaze upon. Beautifully gowned ladies, military officers in uniform and smartly dressed gentlemen

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danced to the music of Doucet's orchestra until early moon. Supper was served in a cosy spot in one of the galleries, which, like the entire building, was liberally decorated with bunting and flags, and in the visitors' honor green predominated. The lady patronesses were: Mrs. R. Maxwell Dennistoun, Mrs. (Hon.) J. R. Stratton, Mrs. R. B. Rogers, Mrs. Peter Campbell, Mrs. C. Balmer McAllister, Mrs. Geo. W. Hatton, Mrs. J. B. McWilliams and Mrs. Robert S. Davidson. The gentlemen who acted as stewards were: Messrs. R. M. Dennistoun, F. D. Mackay, G. W. Hatton, John Crane, C. B. McAllister, A. W. Spence, Alfred Terrill, R. F. McWilliams, Hal. B. Burnham, R. B. Rogers, G. A. Stethem and A. A. Hollingshead, honorary-secretary; the latter is entitled to a large share of the credit for the complete success of the affair. The lengthy programme of dances opened with an honor set of lancers composed as follows: Capt. Franks, of the Irish team, and Mrs. Dennistoun; Mr. T. A. Harvey, of the Irish team, and Mrs. R. B. Rogers; Mr. B. W. Doran, of the Irish team, and Mrs. (Hon.) J. R. Stratton; Mr. A. A. Hollingshead and Mrs. P. Campbell; Hon. J. R. Stratton and Mrs. G. W. Hatton; Mr. J. Crane and Mrs. C. B. McAllister; Mr. R. F. McWilliams and Mrs. R. S. Davidson; Mr. R. B. Rogers and Mrs. J. B. McWilliams. A number of Toronto people were amongst the invited guests.

Captain Hugh McLean has taken Mr. Ross W. Hayter's house, Bloor street west, for the winter. Mr. Hayter leaves Monday to join Mrs. Hayter in England.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Pepler have taken apartments for the winter at Mrs. Mead's, 236 Bloor street west, where Mrs. Pepler will be at home to her friends on Fridays.

Mrs. George E. Dunbar (nee Garland) will hold her post-nuptial receptions at 181 Cottingham street west of Avenue road) on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons and Thursday evening, and will be at home thereafter on the second and fourth Fridays of each month.

Lady Rebecca Roseblossom, of brand-new creation (to her son, the Hon. Isaac)—Isaac, my life, I hope you had the footman to wake you this morning. Hon. Isaac—Oh, no, I woke by myself. Lady Rebecca—You mustn't do so in future, it's not *distingue*.

A mother of twins one night heard a series of giggles proceeding from the neighborhood of the children's bed. "What are you laughing at, there?" she said. "Oh, nothing," replied Edith, one of the twins, "only you have given me two baths and Alice none at all."

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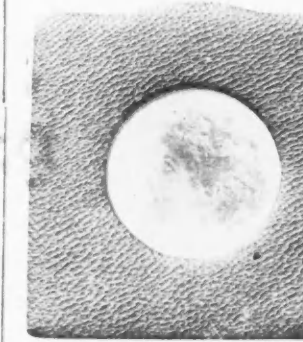
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Mark Twain on Christian Science.

THIS last summer, when I was on my way back to Vienna from the Appetite-Cure in the mountains, I fell over a cliff in the twilight and broke some arms, and legs, and one thing or another, and by good luck was found by some peasants who had lost an ass, and they carried me to the nearest habitation, which was one of those large, low, thatched-roofed farm-houses, with apartments in the garret for the family, and a cunning little porch under the deep gable decorated with boxes of brightly-colored flowers and cats; on the ground floor a large and light sitting-room, separated from the milch-cattle apartment by a partition; and in the front yard rose stately and fine the wealth and pride of the house, the manure-pile.

There was a village a mile away, and a horse-doctor lived there, but there was no surgeon. It seemed a bad outlook; mine was distinctly a surgery case. Then it was remembered that a lady from Boston was summering in that village, and she was a Christian Science doctor, and could cure anything. So she was sent for. It was night by this time, and she could not conveniently come, but sent word that it was no matter, there was no hurry; she would give me "absent treatment" now, and come in the morning; meantime she begged me to make myself tranquil and comfortable, and remember that there was nothing the matter with me. . . .

It was a night of anguish, of course—at least, I supposed it was, for it had all the symptoms of it—but it passed at last, and the Christian Scientist came and I was glad. She was middle-aged, and large and bony, and erect, and had an austere face and a resolute jaw and a Roman nose, and was a widow in the third degree, and her name was Fuller. I was eager to get to business and find relief, but she was distressingly deliberate. She unpinned, and unhooked, and uncoupled her upholstery; she peeled off her gloves and disposed of them, got a book out of her hand-bag, then drew a chair to the bed-side, descended into it without hurry, and I hung out my tongue. She said, with pity but without passion:

"Return it to its receptacle. We deal with the mind only, not with its dumb servants."

I could not offer my pulse, because the connection was broken; but she detected the apology before I could word it, and indicated by a negative tilt of her head that the pulse was another dumb servant that she had no use for. Then I thought I would tell her my symptoms and how I felt, so that she would understand the case; but that was another inconsequence. She did not need to know those things; moreover, my remark about how I felt was an abuse of language, a misapplication of terms—

"One does not feel," she explained; "there is no such thing as feeling; therefore, to speak of a non-existent thing as existent is a contradiction. Matter has no existence; nothing exists but mind; the mind cannot feel pain, it can only imagine it."

"I am full of imaginary tortures," I said, "but I do not think I could be any more uncomfortable if they were real ones. What must I do to get rid of them?"

"There is no occasion to get rid of them, since they do not exist. They are illusions propagated by matter, and matter has no existence; there is no such thing as matter." . . . In her compassion she almost smiled. She would have smiled if there were any such thing as a smile.

"It is quite simple," she said; "the fundamental propositions of Christian Science explain it, and they are summarized in the four following self-evident propositions: 1. God is All in All. 2. God is good. 3. God is Mind. 4. Life, God, omnipotent Good, deny death, evil, sin, disease. There—now you see."

It seemed nebulous; it did not seem to say anything about the difficulty in hand—how non-existent matter can propagate illusions. I said with some hesitancy:

"Does—does it explain?"

"Doesn't it? Even if read backward it will do it."

With a budding hope, I asked her to do it backward.

"Very well. Disease sin evil death deny Good omnipotent God life matter is nothing all being Spirit God Mind is Good good is God all in All is God. There—do you understand now?"

"It—it—well, it is plainer than it was before; still—"

"Well?"

"Could you try it some more ways?"

"As many as you like; it always means the same. Interchanged in any way you please it cannot be made to mean anything different from what it means when put in any other way. Because it is perfect. You can jumble it all up, and it makes no difference; it always comes out the way it was before. It was a marvelous mind that produced it. As a mental tour de force it is without a mate; it defies alike the simple, the concrete and the occult."

Under the powerful influence of the near treatment and the absent treatment together, my bones were gradually retreating inward and disappearing from view. The good work took a brisk start now, and went on quite swiftly. My body was diligently straining and stretching, this way and that, to accommodate the processes of restoration, and every minute or two I heard a dull click inside, and knew that the two ends of a fracture had been successfully joined. This muffled clicking, and gritting, and grinding, and rasping continued during the next three hours, and then stopped—the connections had all been made. All except dislocations: there were only seven of these: hips, shoulders, knees, neck; so that was soon over; one after another they slipped into their sockets with a sound like pulling a distant

Candid.



Author—Don't you think my last essay was a very exhaustive study?
Friend—Yes. It put me to sleep in five minutes.

work, and I jumped up as good as new, as to frame-work, and sent for the horse-doctor.

I was obliged to do this because I had a stomachache and a cold in the head, and I was not willing to trust these things any longer in the hands of a woman whom I did not know, and in whose ability to successfully treat mere disease I had lost all confidence. My position was justified by the fact that the cold and the ache had been in her charge from the first, along with the fractures, but had experienced not a shade of relief; and indeed the ache was even growing worse and worse, and more and more bitter now, probably on account of the protracted abstention from food and drink. . . .

The Christian Scientist was not able to cure my stomachache and my cold; but the horse-doctor did it. This convinces me that Christian Science claims too much. In my opinion it ought to let diseases alone and confine itself to surgery. There it would have everything its own way. The horse-doctor charged me thirty kreutzers, and I paid him; in fact, I doubled it and gave him a shilling. Mrs. Fuller brought in an itemized bill for a crate of broken bones mended in two hundred and thirty-four places—one dollar per fracture.

"Nothing exists but mind!"

"Nothing," she answered. "All else is substanceless, all else is imaginary."

I gave her an imaginary check, and now she is suing me for substantial dollars. It looks inconsistent.—Mark Twain in *October Cosmopolitan*.

Miserable Women.

How Women Lose Interest in Their Households.

THE ILLS TO WHICH WOMEN ARE HEIR CAUSE MUCH SUFFERING—THE EXPERIENCE OF A LADY WHO HAS FOUND A SPEEDY CURE.

Mrs. Isaac T. Comeau, who resides at 831 Arago street, St. Roch, Quebec, is a teacher of French, English and music. For many years Mrs. Comeau has suffered greatly from internal troubles peculiar to her sex, and also from continuous weakness, the result of headaches, neuralgia and nervous prostration. Her trouble became so bad that she was forced to give up teaching and go to an hospital, but the treatment there did not materially benefit her, and ultimately she left the hospital still a great sufferer. Meantime her husband having heard of the great value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, purchased a few boxes and prevailed upon his wife to try them. When interviewed as to the merits of the pills Mrs. Comeau gave her story to the reporter about as follows:

"My trouble came on after the birth of my child, and up to the time I began to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I could find nothing to cure me. I suffered much agony, was very weak, had frequent severe headaches, and little or no appetite. It was not long after I began the use of the pills that I found they were helping me very much, and after taking them for a couple of months I was as well as ever I had been. My appetite improved, the pains left me, and I gained considerably in flesh, and am again able to attend to the lessons of my pupils and superintend my household work. Since using the pills myself I have recommended them to others and have heard nothing but praise in their favor wherever used."

No discovery of modern times has proved such a boon to women as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Acting directly on the blood and nerves, invigorating the body, regulating the functions, they restore health and strength to exhausted women, and make them feel that life is again worth living.

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It is not safe to eat or drink inferior articles.

Dry Bones.

DO ONE paid much attention to what I did, so I brought my skeleton out to sit in the vacant place beside me. The long grass pushed up between its bones, and the golden sunlight shone gaily through the swaying grapevines upon its polished skull—making bars of light and shade that simulated expression.

Looking over my shoulder, through the trees, I made sure that it was Turnock with whom Elinor Briton was walking. He was holding her parasol over her as they went down the hill. I could not hold a parasol properly, so she had carried it for herself.

I glanced back at my skeleton, which seemed to tower above me in all its obtrusive boniness, and wondered whether it had belonged to anyone else before it came into my possession.

"It's not my fault. Why did you insist on coming, when you knew that you would have to bring me with you?"

I was silent. Why had I come? While at work I had no time to remember the skeleton (I had actually come to think of it as "It"), but at my office door it waited, to be carried through the streets—and wherever I went in the evening.

It was big and bony at best, but it was heavy when I was in the society of cultivated women; heavier, perhaps, when I was with Miss Briton. Once or twice I felt sure that she must notice it, yet it was at her invitation that I had come to this blessed picnic, bringing with me my skeleton.

Once when Turnock made some laughing remark to her in French (I suppose it was French)—a jaunty hand shot out and gripped my arm. I can only speak English, and even school-boy Latin is—well, so much Greek to me.

I picked up a bit of stick and began to peel off the bark.

"You can't dance," was "It's" first taunt.

"No," said I, "I can't."

"You can't converse on art or poetry."

In fact, you don't know the difference between Chianti and chiao-oscuro."

"It's a fact," I acknowledged, "but I never had time to study those things."

I had to work too hard learning my profession."

"How about music?" it urged maliciously.

"I only know enough to keep quiet and listen to it."

"And the different forks and wine-glasses at dinner?"

"They don't teach those things out in Montana. You ought to know that, if anyone should."

"Harvey Turnock never makes any mistakes."

"No," I answered, "but I could thrash him with one hand tied behind me."

"That would not make Miss Briton like you any better."

"No, such things aren't done in 'society.'"

"And you can't possibly understand Wagner!"

"No!" I exclaimed, sitting up in a rage, "but there is one thing that I can do. I can go to Brazil myself, about those contracts, instead of sending Bryce, and you may be certain that I leave you behind, if I do."

My companion shrank a little, at this. As for me I took a couple of letters out of my pocket, and fell to figuring on some estimates; resolutely ignoring all its attempts to draw my attention away.

I was thoroughly absorbed in my occupation, when I became aware of voices beyond the fallen tree against which I was leaning.

"I am beginning to loathe him, Polly."

It was Elinor Briton who was speaking. I made a movement as if to rise, but felt a sudden chilly clutch on my knee.

"Sit still! You'll only make yourself ridiculous if you try to excuse your eavesdropping. You couldn't do it gracefully to save your life," and with a silent groan, I sat there—awkwardness clothing me as a garment.

"I always wondered what you could see in him," said the other voice.

"See? Nothing! I'm sorry I asked him to come."

I looked around in despair for a way of escape, but none offered, so I clenched my hands to repress the shiver which came as I seemed to feel the cold touch of the skeleton who sat beside me.

Elinor went on: "I am so sick of these superficial puppies who have a smattering of every accomplishment, yet do not know any one thing thoroughly. Harvey Turnock is a fair specimen of the class. His chatter drives me distracted, and his bad

French sets my teeth on edge. He patronizes artists and musicians, and they laugh at him to his face. He is forever talking glibly about the broadening influences of the 'higher culture,' yet the only thing that he really knows, outside of the etiquette of wine-glasses and neckties, is how to dance. I believe I'll give up dancing this winter. I'm tired of the atmosphere in which he and his set exist. You never see a real man among them. Come, Polly, we ought to be attending to the luncheon instead of leaving it all to Mrs. Ashburton and the girls."

Their voices died away in the distance. Drawing a long breath of relief, I rose. Missing the skeleton I looked around vainly for a few minutes in search of it. At last I caught sight of a tiny white object lying on a dried leaf at my feet. Lifting it carefully between thumb and finger I attached it to a little ring on my watch-chain and walked up the hill with a light heart.—Aldis Dunbar, in *Vogue*.

Ignorance

If roses knew the song of death
To which lone Autumn sets the tune,
They would not waste their bloom and breath,
But die in June.

If butterflies but knew the splash
Of raindrops on such dainty things,
Like jewels they would no longer flash,
But fold their wings.

If swallows knew the foaming crest
Of the great wind-lashed waves at night,
They would not stay and build their nest,
But haste their flight.

If knew the velvet-coated bee
His golden bags for man were stored,
He would not work so eagerly,
But spill his hoard.

If youth but knew the falling sight
And weariness that old age brings,
It would not speed time in his flight,
But clip his wings.

And if you knew the heart's dull pain
When Love is part of yesterday,
You would not spurn him, Dear, again,
But bid him stay.

Constance Travers in the Outlook.

There are bachelors upon whom one can depend. They will never marry, and everyone knows why. Away back, before most of you were born, a lad loved a lass, as the gods love. By and by, another man loved the same lass, as men love.—"Society Types," by Ko Ko.

Playful Age.

"WHEN a man gets along to be a hundred or a hundred and ten years old," observed Judge Crabtree, "he ought to begin to sober down and realize that life is a serious undertaking. He ought especially to commence to grasp the advantages of truth-telling."

"There were old Squire Whatman and Uncle Joe Gibbs, who lived up in the country. The Squire was one of those men who is always croaking dimly—a pezzimist, Deacon Harrington used to call him. He was always telling how much better things were when he was young. Everything was bigger and grander and more intense in his day. The weather was hotter in summer and colder in winter. Used to say that in the summer of '34 they had to shear the sheep three times and hire boys to fan 'em, the weather was so hot. Had to pick the chickens too, so he said, and they all got so tanned going without their feathers that when folks came to kill them in the fall they were found to be dark meat all over."

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No preparation is of such inestimable worth in a woman's toilet, for besides curing the pimples that are usually troublesome at regular intervals, it gives instant relief to the itching to which women are subject and absolutely cures piles.

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the way through. Maybe sometimes the Squire would place this in the year '28, or the year '17, just as it happened. And when it was a good day for lying he'd shove it back 'before the late war,' and take his chances. The old reprobate meant the war of 1812. The civil war he always referred to as that 'scrimmage betwixt some of the States.'

"Uncle Joe Gibbs, on the other hand, was what the Deacon called an 'optician,' and always looked on the bright side of things. Said he lived in an age of progress, and when the Squire told his sheep story he would recall in rebuttal the summer of '29, when it was so cold that they couldn't shear the sheep at all, and some folks pulled old trouser legs and that sort of thing on their geese."

"One hot day in summer the Squire came along wearing a woollen cap, as usual, and with his hands in his pockets to keep 'em warm, and found Uncle Joe seated under a tree, lightly clad, and fanning himself with a shingle. The Squire observed pleasantly that it seemed to be getting cooler. Uncle Joe asked him if '34 was cooler. The Squire shivered, and said he didn't know much about these new-fangled thermometers, but according to his feelings it was getting cooler at a rapid rate, and he was going home to put on his red yarn mittens. This aroused Uncle Joe, and he offered to bet eight shillings that at half past two o'clock the thermometer would be up to 108 in the shade. The Squire promptly took the bet, sneezed effusively, and toddled off home."

"Uncle Joe's thermometer hung on the north side of the wood-shed, and, as it happened, directly over a knot-hole in the boards which was just above a shelf inside. About two o'clock the upright Uncle Joe put a brick in the kitchen fire. A few minutes before the appointed time he took it out with the tongs and put it on the shelf and squarely against the knot-hole. Then he went back under the tree. The next moment the Squire came down the street, his coat buttoned up and his cap drawn down. Uncle Joe laid aside his shingle and led the way to the wood-shed. The Squire glanced at the thermometer and then rubbed his eyes. Then he looked again and pulled out his spectacles and adjusted them. He looked once more, then took hold of his spectacles with one hand and ran them up and down his nose as if he were playing a trombone, but there was no getting around those figures. The thermometer stood at 113. The Squire drew a silver dollar from his pocket and handed it to Uncle Joe, with the simple remark that, though it was apparently hot, the weather didn't seem to take hold on sheep as it did in the summer of '9. He glanced back at the thermometer once more, when his eye happened to catch the edge of the knot-hole. He pushed the thermometer to one

side, blistered his fingers on the brick, and then turned and aimed a savage blow at Uncle Joe. This worthy dodged, dropped his dollar, and ran into the house. The Squire gathered up his money and trotted off home at a rate of speed probably never before touched by a man who had helped revive sheep with ice-water during Thomas Jefferson's first term. The two excellent old citizens didn't speak for two years.—Hayden Carruth in the Bazar.

It isn't always one's hostess who is the moving power in the ball, the dinner, the afternoon reception.—"Society Types," by Ko Ko.

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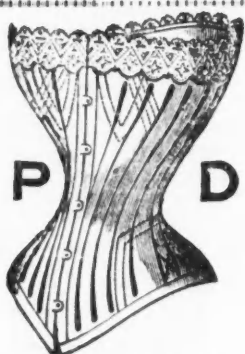
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Books and Shop Talk.

It is perhaps necessary to explain to those who are writing poetry about the war and the Canadian Contingent, that SATURDAY NIGHT must decline to publish verses on such a subject unless they prove to have distinct merit as poetry. Poets may not all see great merit in the verses of Colonel Wagstaff published in this issue, but coming to us, as they do, from an officer of the United States Army, they have a special recommendation. When Kipling was ill, when Tennyson died, when any great man has died of recent years we have been flooded with dolorous verse, which we in every instance declined to publish. At present we are getting a great deal of verse about the Canadians in the Boer war and we are using none of it. Some of the verse sent in is good—that is to say, some of the poems considered as exercises, as examples of amateur effort, are not half bad. Some of them are fairly smooth, fairly musical and reasonably accurate in workmanship. But for the most part those who write verses on the death of Tennyson, the sickness of Kipling or the sending of our men to make war on the Boers, deceive themselves wholly in supposing that the saying of commonplace things in rhyme is a work that the public can take an interest in. These facts could express themselves much better in prose; but reduce their rhymes to prose and they yield not one idea worth publishing. There is a class of verse which may be readily written by any person who tries, and those who do try would be excessively stupid if they failed to hammer out something fairly correct in shape. Perhaps nothing worse can happen to a dull young person than to get the idea that he is a poet. It unfits him for other things, and we have reached the conclusion that it is a public duty to discourage those who feel disposed to make verses whenever public feeling is moved by such an event as the sending of armed Canadians to Africa. If Canadians as a people ask for no originality, no distinction, in either the manner or the matter of published poetry, there need be no limit to the out-put, for there is scarcely a man in the street who cannot sit down and grind out something with both rhyme and loyalty to recommend it.

A new blank verse tragedy by Mr. Stephen Phillips, Paolo and Francesca, is to be published in book form in advance of its representation at the St. James' Theater, London.

Mr. Stephen Crane's new book, which is to be an impressionistic history of the Cuban campaign, is to appear this autumn. Selections from it will be printed in *The Anglo-Saxon Review*.

A volume relating to Balzac never before translated into English has just appeared, called *The Personal Opinions of Honore de Balzac*. It is made up of passages from his correspondence and his miscellaneous writing, and contains M. Brunetiere's recent address at Tours upon the occasion of the Balzac centenary. Miss Wormeley is the translator.

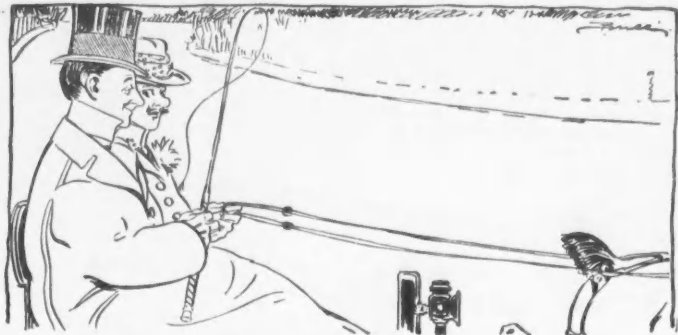
A great deal of mail distribution is done on the mail-cars, and the work is ever on the increase. It is perhaps not generally known that every railway mail clerk is required to pass an examination once a year to prove that he is efficient. This is one of the new Postal Regulations. Each mail clerk comes in alone, and at the Toronto Post Office (or some other center) is put through a thorough test. About a thousand addressed postal-cards are given him, and these he must distribute with the same rapidity that he would be required to use if on his mail-car. The disposal he makes of each postal card is then enquired into, and if he does not properly handle ninety per cent. of the cards he is "plucked." To an outsider this looks like a good and a necessary test, as the wrong disposal of a letter on a train may lead to a long delay and perhaps serious consequences. So efficient, however, are the railway mail clerks as a body that I am told most of them pass the test with flying colors, some getting nearly full marks.

Mr. Grant Allen died at Haslemere, Eng., on October 25. Mr. Allen had described himself as of French-Canadian and Scottish Celtic origin, and it has always been a pleasure to Canadians to speak of him as a Canadian. But as a matter of fact Mr. Allen made very little account of his Canadianism, and strangely enough his books were seldom, if ever, republished here in Canadian editions. He was entirely out of touch with Canada. When one of his heroines went around the world he jumped her from Yokohama across the Pacific and then across Canada in about a pace of reading, which told of the intolerable weariness of the trip. Englishmen have written books about the same trip across the Dominion, but Grant Allen rushed his heroine across as if nothing in the trip could possibly interest her or the reader. Referring to him *The Outlook* (London) says:

For ourselves, we could wish that Mr. Grant Allen had spent less time in writing novels (for which his talent was less adapted than for the writing of short stories), and let his unconventionality of mind lead to a regular series of searching and original studies of English life. For we have had, alas! very few critics since Matthew Arnold who have been capable of generalizing brilliantly and effectively on British characteristics, and of putting truths cleverly enough to withstand the public's natural rush of healthy prejudices. Mr. Grant Allen's very versatility, however, turned him from concentrating his mind and specializing to the full advantage of any particular gift.

An original short story by Mr. Grant Allen will appear in SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS. This story was procured some months ago, and is entitled *A Christmas Adventure*. Illustrations for it have been made by Mr. A. H. Howard of Toronto. The scene of the story is laid in England, and the central idea is a bicycle accident in a lonely place to a young gentleman who is wheeling across

Wouldn't.



country to have a Christmas dinner with his fiancée.

Edwin Markham will take to the lecture field this winter, speaking on *The Man With the Hoe*, and *The Fraternal State*, as well as on some purely literary topic.

A new and interesting convert to literature proves to be a no less conspicuous figure than John Philip Sousa, who will write of *My Experiences as a Bandmaster*.

Stanley Waterloo, the Chicago editor, has just published another novel, *The Launching of a Man*, which is of more than usual interest. The hero is introduced as a sophomore and is traced on into serious life. Mr. Waterloo is engaged on another work which will have *Christian Science* for its theme.

In view of the wide interest shown in the Boer war, owing to the share Canada is taking in it, our readers are referred to a ten-cent pamphlet just published in Toronto by Mr. E. B. Biggar. Its full title is *The Boer War, its Causes and its Interest to Canadians*, with a Glossary of Cape Dutch and Kafir Terms. Mr. Biggar, as a Canadian, a resident of Toronto, a former resident of South Africa, and an experienced writer, is exceptionally fitted to prepare such a pamphlet. He has met the occasion so well that I recommend this as the best ten cents' worth on South Africa now procurable. Mr. Biggar, speaking of what he knows, tells us of the laws framed "to seem fair to the outside world," while being capable of most unfair application. Canada having gone to war to redress the grievances of the Uitlanders, should now lose no opportunity of learning what those grievances were. Readers who are unable to get from their local book stores any work mentioned in this column, may do so by addressing one of the leading Toronto book shops. However, the local bookseller can always procure any such book if an order is placed with him.

Beatrice Harraden has written an introduction to a collection of papers by the late Mrs. Lynn Linton, which is to be published in book form under the title of *Reminiscences of Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, and Others*.

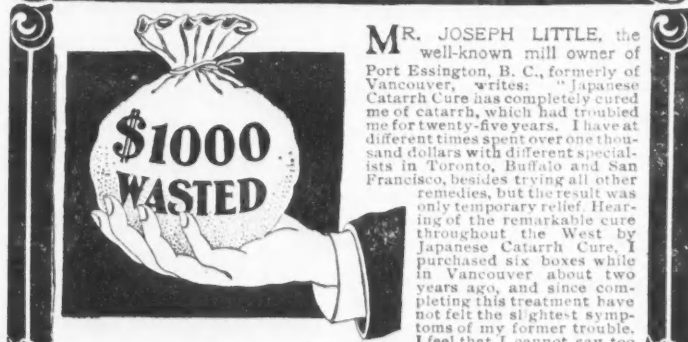
A little volume entitled *Letters From Ralph Waldo Emerson to a Friend*, 1838-1853, edited by Charles Eliot Norton, gives a familiar view of the poet-philosopher, and is a pleasing addition to his collected works. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.

Young April is the title of a new book by Eberton Castle, one of the authors of *The Pride of Jennico*. A Canadian edition of the new book is issued this week by the Copp, Clark Co., Toronto.

It is so easy to say things, and a shrug over the name of the husband may mean a volume; a half-hour's chat with a nice man is reported at all the clubs before noon next day.—"Society Types," by Koko.

Parke—is Grigson a good story-teller? Lane—Fine. He has been married eight years, and his wife believes everything he says.

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much in its favor; the first application gave great relief. We also keep a supply in the mill for cuts, etc., and find it superior to any other remedy for healing.

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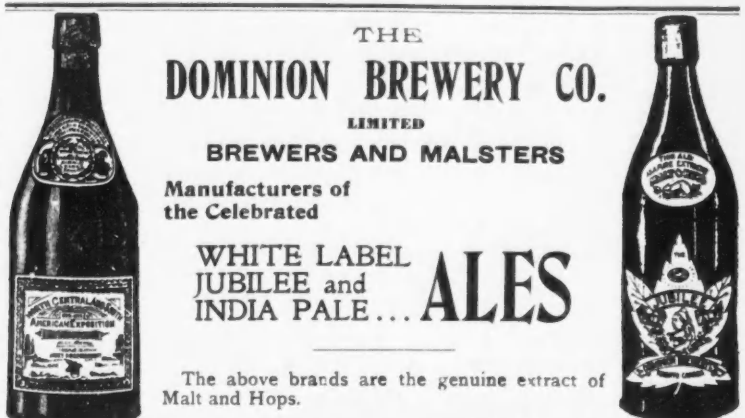
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center of the wall mirror, which promptly dispersed in many fragments. Still was the ardor of the enthusiast undampened. "Did you see it, Louis? Did you see it?" he cried.

"Where did it go?" asked a muffled voice. "Where did you go?" demanded his host, looking round and seeing nothing of his visitor.

"Has it stopped," asked the gentleman, and a strained face protruded from under the bed.

"Yes, it's stopped," returned the enthusiast, beginning to cool down. "It's in the bathroom, I believe. In fact, —er—I—er—rather think it broke something."

"Well, I'm going," said his friend, hastily. "I don't like your game. Please give me time to get out before you start again."

"Fact is," said his friend, in some embarrassment, "I didn't intend to hit that ball. It just came over me."

"Yes; it just came over me, too," replied the visitor. "That's why I got under the bed."

His First Oration.

THE author of *Little Journeys to the Homes of American Statesmen* tells of his experience when a new teacher inaugurated "Friday Afternoons," to be devoted to "speaking pieces." He had been well drilled at home, but his spirits ran lower and lower as the fateful Friday drew near. Grown men who attend banquets and are expected to speak, are not unaware of the boy's feelings.

"Thursday night I slept little, and all Friday morning I was in a burning fever. At noon I could not eat my luncheon, but I tried manfully, and as I munched the tasteless morsels, salt tears rained on the Johnny cake."

"Even when the girls brought in big bunches of wild flowers and corn-stalks and began to decorate the platform, things appeared no brighter."

"Finally the teacher went to the door and rang the bell. Nobody seemed to play, and as the scholars took their seats, some, very pale, tried to smile. Others whispered, 'Have you got your piece?' Still

others kept their lips working, repeating lines that struggled hard to flee.

"Names were called, but I did not see who went up, neither did I hear what was said. At last my name was called. It came like a clap of thunder—a great surprise, a shock. I clutched the desk, struggled to my feet, passed down the aisle, the sound of my shoes echoing through the silence like the strokes of a maul. The blood seemed ready to burst from my eyes, ears and nose."

"I reached the platform, missed my footing, stumbled, and nearly fell. I heard the giggling that followed, and knew that a red-haired boy, who had just spoken, and was therefore unnecessarily jubilant, had laughed aloud."

"I was angry. I shut my fists so that the nails cut my flesh, and glaring straight at his red head, I shot my bolt:—

"I know not how others may feel, but sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment. Independence now, and independence forever."

"That was all of the piece. I gave the whole thing in a mouthful, and started for my seat, got half-way there, and remembered I had forgotten to bow, turned, went back to the platform, bowed with a jerk, started again for my seat, and hearing some one laugh, I ran."

"Reaching the seat, I burst into tears. The teacher came over, patted my head, kissed my cheek, and told me I had done first rate; and after hearing several others speak, I calmed down and quite agreed with her."

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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The Drama.

LAST week I expressed opinions about Hall Caine's play, *The Christian*, that were probably not pleasing to a lot of people who had enjoyed the novel, and therefore felt compelled to enjoy the play as presented last week at the Grand Opera House. The play had been a big success in New York, and in nearly every city in the United States where presented, but it was coldly met in London. The *St. James's Budget* suggests, in explanation of this that the London atmosphere must be less highly charged with electricity than that of New York, and in criticism of the play scores against it many of the same points that I made last week. Here it is in part:

There can be no doubt whatever that the play is but an indifferent piece of work, regard it as you may from the ethical, the literary, or the instructive standpoint. Frankly, *The Christian* is not a play to be taken seriously by any thinking man. It offers at every step a distorted picture of life; it appeals only at rare intervals to the true emotions; its sentiment is tawdry, its power for good or evil nil. In its essence it is melodrama covered with a cheap veneer of bombastic rhetoric, capable of deceiving few, however, as to the quality of the material beneath. One or two fairly powerful scenes, it may be admitted, the play contains, but even the effect of these, and particularly of that famous one which takes place in *Glory's* room between her and John Storm, is largely neutralized by the difficulty in which the audience finds itself of grasping its real significance. In the book the author has time and opportunity to explain Storm's attitude towards the woman he loves; in the drama his conduct is well nigh incomprehensible. The art of the playwright is, above all things, to prepare the spectator for what he is about to witness; to make it clear that the catastrophe shown is inevitable—the necessary outcome of antecedent events or a specified train of thought. Mr. Caine, on the contrary, suddenly throws a tragic incident upon the stage and leaves the audience to make the best or worst of it. He forgets "you must not pump spring water upon a gracious public, full of nerves," as Elizabeth Barrett Browning once eloquently phrased it.

It is necessary to add to my remarks of last week about the Hallowsen affair at the Princess Theater, that the Dental students were fully as much to blame as the Osgoode men. One of the "hay" figures fell in the aisle of the first gallery directly between the Osgoode and Dental students, and at once a battle began for possession of the effigy, which was soon torn into fragments. It has been represented to me that the figure falling where it did, and students being what they are, nothing but a struggle for possession of it could have been expected. In the melee the rival students pelted each other with hay, rags and such other rubbish as the effigy consisted of. This explains, though it does not excuse, what occurred. The people in the parquette who sat under the shower of rubbish could hold no other opinion than that it was being deliberately thrown down upon them. In connection with the affair the University College Literary and Scientific Society has passed the following resolution:

Whereas several city papers have published reports of the reprehensible conduct of certain students at the Hallowsen celebration in the Princess Theater; resolved, that we, the University College Literary and Scientific Society, regret that the offense occurred, and emphatically protest that such conduct is in no way chargeable to the University College and S.P.S. students, who occupied the top gallery on that occasion, and we desire to place ourselves on record as being dissatisfied with the indiscriminate blame, which in most cases is chargeable to students of other institutions, being saddled upon University students.

Although I did not indulge in "indiscriminate blame," yet it is necessary to remind the protesting students of the upper gallery that they were the ones who brought the effigies to the theater, suspended them before the noses of the Osgoode and Dental students, and must share responsibility for what followed.

A Colonial Girl has happened along at the Grand just in time to save this from being probably the worst week of the year at the three theaters that present plays. A Colonial Girl was E. H. Sothern's play, but he is not here. This company is

headed by Howard Gould, whom we have seen before in plays that Sothern was done with. Without disparagement of him the hope may be expressed that we are not hereafter to get Gould instead of Sothern at the Grand.

Until this play came on Thursday the Grand was playing *Parson Jim*, the Toronto was presenting *Through the Breakers*, and the Princess East Lynne. There is melodrama for you, and probably the rawest of the three performances was *Parson Jim*. I pointed out last week that this play was written by Lloyd Grand, a son of Mrs. Sarah Grand, who wrote *The Heavenly Twins*. We were justified in expecting something worth while from a play written by the son of so clever a woman, and possibly the play if produced as a melodrama, might go very well. But at the Grand Opera House on Monday night the people were not expecting to see a raw melodrama written by an amateur and played by a company of amateurs. It may be that the members of the company are not all new to the stage, but at all events the chilly reception that their melodrama got chilled them as if they had been mere beginners. It is useless to try to make anything of *Parson Jim* but a rousing melodrama, and unless the company is prepared to rave and rant they might better get a new piece. Manager Sheppard of the Grand was probably misled by the assurances of merit that came in advance of *Parson Jim*, but the Trust must have known what it was doing in sending this show to a first-class theater to play at first-class prices.

Through the Breakers at the Toronto Opera House is another out-and-out melodrama calculated to make your hair stand on end. But it sails under its true colors and at prices that suit its pretensions. The Cummings Stock Company at the Princess are giving a free and easy interpretation of *East Lynne*, there being manifest evidence in the work of all the leading performers, of hasty preparation, or perhaps even more than that—a lack of artistic interest. This marks many productions at the Princess this season, for however the manager may look after scenery and stage-settings, even fairly good results are frustrated when the leading members of the company play their parts without enthusiasm, take unwarranted liberties with the spirit or letter of their lines, and allow an undercurrent of derision to appear in their work. Perhaps some of this is due to brain-weariness caused by over-work. That is a matter for managerial, not for public consideration, however. If it is considered necessary to put on a new play every week, and if a certain number of people cannot do it, then more people should be employed so that actors and actresses could rest one week in seven as other workers rest one day in seven. To half-work all the time is a poor expedient.

That many Toronto people are interested in the lectures on George Eliot which Mr. Sanford Evans is delivering at the Conservatory School of Elocution, was proved by the audience which braved the weather on Friday evening, Nov. 3, to hear the opening lecture. Mr. Evans gave a strong and stimulating lecture, which proved his ability to awaken interest in the essential elements of his author's work. The lecture on Tuesday evening was devoted to a study of *Dorothea* and Mr. Causabon, as individuals and in their relation to each other. The next two lectures will also deal with Middlemarch, after which Mr. Evans will take up *Daniel Deronda*.

Next week at the Grand will be presented Augustus Thomas's new play, *Arizona*, which is announced to be an even better drama than *Alabama*, so that we may therefore reasonably presume that it will be somewhere in the same class. It is described as a drama of love, revenge, loyalty and adventure—the scene, a cavalry post on the Western frontier, in which brave men and high-stepping horses play a part and give picturesque movement to the scene. The scenery, we are told, is painted by Walter Burdette and Charles H. Ritter, from pencil sketches of actual localities by Frederick Remington.

In *Cassell's Magazine* Mr. Malcolm C. Salomon writes about Pinero and his methods and declares him to be a very earnest worker:

Let us suppose that Mr. Pinero has, in a serious mood, selected the subject for his new play. He first sets himself to answer logically, according to his observation as a man of the world, his insight as a psychologist, his instincts as a dramatist, and his ethics as a humanist, the leading questions involved in the conflicts of will and clash of circumstances which must constitute the dramatic interest of the theme. Then he invents the particular story that shall illustrate his thesis, and the persons necessary to tell the story in action, allowing these to develop their characters through the situations in which they are placed, while the incidents of the story are naturally introduced through the intervention of character. This has invariably been Mr. Pinero's principle in the composition of, at least, his later plays, for he regards development of character in action as the highest achievement in drama, and indeed the only means through which a play can live.

Shea's Theater this week profits from the "fit of melodrama" that has taken the other three theaters, and has a show that for the most part is a good one. *Flo Irwin* is considered one of the stars of the bill, but I am quite unable to see any reason whatever why her skit should have been presented a second time anywhere on earth. That a handsome and clever woman anxious to amuse the public should be unable to procure something better than that turn of hers is a reproach to the whole theatrical business. The applause she gets is intended for herself. The ponies, the acrobats, the various comedians put up a good show, however.

To those who remember the theatrical team of Barry and Fay, it will be good news to hear that the cloak of the old comedian, William Barry, has fallen upon

another of the same name, and that there is a William Barry, Jr., who possesses all the talents for fun-making that his father exhibited. When the death of the elder Barry occurred he was appearing in a new Irish comedy, entitled *The Rising Generation*, and his son, who was then a promising young comedian, took up the role formerly played by his father, and has since been appearing in it with success. He will produce the comedy at the Toronto Opera House next week. The supporting company is said to be the largest carried by any Barry, the scenes, all of which are laid in New York, are of the best, and Mr. Small of the Toronto promises an enjoyable entertainment.

Andrew Mack, the great Irish singing comedian, is crowding the Academy of Music, New York, with *The Last of the Rhans*. In his first two weeks over 60,000 people saw the performance. The box office receipts during that time were close to \$21,000. In his new play Mr. Mack is said to have the strongest winning card of his career, the leading role furnishing him with unusually effective opportunities.

Rose Coghlan is playing *Lady Janet* in *The White Heather* this season and she will be seen here in the role with John T. Sullivan and a number of other well known players in her support.

Augustus Thomas is making a dramatic version of Winston Churchill's *Richard Carvel* for Charles Frohman. This popular novel is now selling in its one hundred and fiftieth thousand, or seventeenth edition. I fancy that Mr. Thomas will find it rather difficult to "make over" the story to suit stage purposes.

Becky Sharp, now appearing at the Fifth Avenue Theater, New York, is not the first dramatization of *Vanity Fair*. A comedy founded on the story appeared in London in 1882, and still later a one-act play called *Becky Sharp*, by Mr. J. M. Barrie, was brought out at Terry's Theater, London.

Mr. David G. S. Connery, M.A., gave a dramatic recital, assisted by Mrs. McIvor Craig, Scottish soprano, in the Normal school theater, on Friday evening of last week. Mr. Connery sustained the reputation that preceded him. He is possessed of a fine, well trained voice, and his whole work on Friday evening exhibited talent and culture. In the descriptive, pathetic and humorous, Mr. Connery is equally at home. In the *Vagabonds* his ability as an actor was shown to advantage, while in the humorous pieces the audience was convulsed with laughter. The rendering of the *Habitant* selections from *Drummond* was very good. Mrs. McIvor Craig sang the Scottish songs in a manner that delighted the audience. Mrs. Craig and Mr. Connery generously responded to the numerous encores.

The thirty-first anniversary of the A. O. U. W. was celebrated in Hamilton last week by a concert given in the Opera House. The programme was contributed almost wholly by artists from other cities and was of a high order. Speaking of the singing of Mr. Sherlock, who was the tenor soloist on this occasion, the *Times* says: "The singing of Mr. J. M. Sherlock, of Toronto, greatly pleased the large audience. Mr. Sherlock has a clear, rich tenor voice, and knows how to use it to the best advantage." The same paper has the following to say of his male quartette: "The Sherlock Male Quartette was also well received and heartily applauded. It was twice encored after singing *My Old Kentucky Home*." The *Spectator* says: "Mr. Sherlock, in tenor solos, displayed remarkable range and sweetness for a male voice, and the Sherlock Male Quartette met with decided favor at the hands of the audience and well merited the frequent encores accorded."

Miss Sadie Hungerford, one of the most popular young singers in Belleville, and a great concert favorite in that city, has come to Toronto for a season's study with Mr. E. W. Schuch.

Shall We Revert to English Rugby?

An Ex-Player Says No.

THE visit of the Irish Rugby Football team to Canada this fall has caused considerable discussion among the followers of the game as to the respective merits of the style of play adopted by the Irishmen and that in vogue here. Indeed, the Quebec Club are so favorably impressed with the English game that, I understand, they intend, at the next meeting of their Union, bringing up a very radical motion with the object of adopting English rules in place of those they are now playing under. I learn, however, that the talent in Ottawa and Montreal, where the Quebec Union is practically controlled, do not by any means share the views of the Quebec Club, so there is but little likelihood of any decided alteration being made in the present rules.

The system of play used by the Ontario Union teams has, for the past two or three years, tended so much toward the American game—signals, mass-plays and interference being now the rule—that I hardly think, although the English game has many admirable features and has been received with such favorable comment, that any definite action will be taken by the Ontario Union, this fall at any rate, in regard to remodeling our game along English lines.

The two matches played by the visitors with Argonauts and Varsity were decidedly interesting contests, and though the visitors had hardly a chance of showing what their game is really like, yet one could see enough to draw a comparison between their game and that played here. The strongest point of the Irish team is the magnificent combination work of the back division, whose passing and running I have seldom seen equalled. Their effectiveness, of course, was partly due to their being unhampered with heavy harness, but chiefly to the fact that before the un-



She has no eyes for any beau,
Short stout, or tall dark thin gent.
Her real heart's far away, you know,
With Tom, on the Continent.

L. H. S.

wieldy scrimmage could disentangle itself they had a clear run down the field, not having to skirt any wing line. This play looks very pretty when the ball is in the center of the field, but when a scrimmage is formed near the opposing team's touch-line, and the ball on coming out of the scrum can be handled by five men in a line, without any apparent chance of stopping them, it seems to me to be too easy a way of scoring a try. Their dribbling was capital, being equal to that of Association players, but dribbling is always dangerous, as in nearly every case it means loss of the ball. This, of course, does not matter very much under the English rules, as the scrimmage consists of eight men massed behind one another, three, two and three, locked, the ball being tossed into the center and coming out anywhere sixteen pair of feet propel it. This method of putting the ball into play is clumsy and causes much delay. Our own way is slow enough, but a lightning fast in comparison. When the ball is dead it should be put into play again quickly, and this is why, in the American game, where the ball is snapped back with the hand, the plays start so fast. The English game does not offer such a premium for fast following as ours, as a ten yard allowance is made for a catch, and if the ball is kicked over the line and rouged, no score is allowed, the ball being put into play again by a drop kick at twenty-five yards. They also allow four points for a goal dropped from a mark, whereas in our game a goal made from a penalty kick only counts two points, which is surely nearer its true worth.

A very good lesson we can learn from the English game is that we have too many wings to allow the half-backs to get around the ends without interference; with only seven forwards, instead of ten, our game would be much faster, and also considerably harder to play. Another wrinkle we can pick up from the Irishmen is that by placing the three half-backs and the full-back at an angle across the field, brilliant runs could be made, especially when a scrimmage is formed near the side lines.

There is an element of personal conflict, man against man, in our game which English Rugby lacks, and this alone places it on a higher footing both as a spectacle and a game. Our game is rough,

but none too rough for men play, and my opinion, and that of all the old players with whom I have discussed this subject, is that to go back to the old rules we discarded some nine years ago would be decidedly a step in the wrong direction. If there is any necessity for a change in order to promote open play, then let the Canadian Union reduce the number of forwards to seven men and legalize interference (the latter now being used by all the teams although strictly against the rules), and then we would see fast and scientific Rugby in every sense of the word.

EX-PLAYER.

A Mere Spectator Says Yes.

THE game as played here by the Irishmen proved very attractive to me, and as I have only followed Rugby for the past six years I was astonished to learn that the Canadian game, from having been in 1889 the same as the English, had become more or less gradually made over into what it now is. Perhaps everyone will admit that the exemplification of the old game which the Irish Gentlemen have given us has made it reasonably plain that we have in our own game lost something as well as gained something. Personally, I go further and regard the English game as the better. Among the spectators at Rosedale and Varsity it was noticeable that the players and ex-players of the Canadian game were almost unanimous in declaring for our own game, while nearly all the mere spectators who expressed opinions were disposed to favor the English game. It must be remembered that at Rosedale, although one half time was supposed to be devoted to the English game and the other to the Canadian, yet we saw neither game fairly exemplified. The Argonauts did not play the English game in the first half, that is to say, they did not use any of the finer tactics, observing the rules of one game and employing the tactics of the other. The Irishmen did not play the Canadian game in the second half, the Argos permitting the rules to be ignored a dozen times. We know our own game, and so its reputation did not suffer by this exhibition; but my point is that we did not get a fair test of the English game, and many of its beauties must have been lost. At Varsity it was better played. The open scrimmage, the passing and running, even the dribbling, which is capable of development into one of the highest exhibitions of manly dexterity, are advantages of the English game. It may be good fun for teams of players to roll in heaps for fifteen minutes, with breaks of a second or two while men regain their feet and are again crushed to earth—it may be that players suppose that this looks interesting, but spectators at a distance cannot distinguish one man from another, and only experienced onlookers can guess what is happening. Our game, too, is full of cheating in scrimmage, off-side play, interruptions from the officials, delays to rub down injured players, while the English game is brisk and almost continuous. I think this game, if intelligently played here, would soon draw double the crowds that now turn out to see lumbering, armored men rolling and writhing in the mud half the time, and half the time waiting for a player to see his torn trousers. A MERE SPECTATOR.

Under Suspicion.

A FIRE which occurred in one of our principal cities was made the subject of a "fire inquest" by the underwriters, with the following result:

The first witness was the captain of the first fire company that arrived on the scene, who testified that he found the entire building in flames when he arrived. He considered the fact that a kerosene light was used by the tenants on the third story, and he thought the light might have set fire to a curtain.

Another fireman was of a different opinion. He had noticed that on the second floor there was an incandescent light, with defective wiring, and he attributed the fire to this cause.

The regular policeman on that beat was next called. He had still another theory, which was that the arc light in the store

on the first floor "spattered" sparks of red-hot carbon, and as the goods below were very inflammable, he felt sure the fire was from this cause.

At this point the owner of the building asked to say a word, and, on permission being given, he closed the investigation with the following:

"As regards the theories submitted, I would call attention to the fact that at the time of the fire kerosene lights had been used in the third story for ten years; incandescent lights had been in use on the second floor, and arc lights on the first for six years; but there were two *Taradites* in the basement who had been there only one week!"

The Man That's on the Spot.

I'd like to purchase cheap for cash some cast-off war balloon,
And rise to heights of enterprise above the Moon.

Where with the latest papers 'Tone, War Extras I might scan
Without the cutting comments of the Know-it-all young man;

If Wolsey only knew his biz, he'd keep the wires hot
To guide aright that hopeless fool, the Man that's on the Spot.

That such an ass should hold command, with Talent lying loose
In heaps round every bulletin, is sure without excuse;

Why, Jones could settle Joubert's hash for keeps in half a crack.
His cartridges he'd never risk on any fool's mule's back!

He'd keep his men together, rounds—and show 'em what was what,
Nor lose guns and battalions like the Man that's on the Spot.

Old Solomon was dreaming when he said it was a shame
To judge before one heard the facts—that's out of date and tame.

Our Know-it-all needs but a hint, and then right off the bat
He'll prove that White is black indeed, and don't know where he's at;

He never yet bestrode a nag, or heard a hurtling shot,
But he could give large points and beat the Man that's on the Spot.

Ah! Know-it-all, analogy from your vast mouth implies
That if your brain is built to match 'tis of colossal size!

Most people need to read and think, but you take scarce a glance
At headlines scarce—then tell all straight: what Russia'll do, and France;

Pray take a tumble to yourself and let up talking rot,
You mind your biz, while he minds his, the Man that's on the Spot.

Toronto, Nov. 1899. F. L. H. SIMS.

Mr. Zangwill and the Critics.

THE following from New York *Life* serves to remind us that we must take with a grain of salt the glowing tributes to new plays and operas that are quoted from the New York papers. "New York successes" are often flat failures when they reach Toronto, and probably the reason is that they were failures in New York in every sense save in the opinion of those critics described by *Life* as "subsidized." We have no such critics of the drama in Toronto, but unfortunately the newspaper men who write about the plays in the Tuesday morning papers are not encouraged by either theatrical or newspaper managers to be freely critical. Some of them are candid at times to the public advantage, but until the city grows larger we shall not have "real critics," and by that I mean men who make the drama a study and criticism of it an occupation. This is from *Life*:

Anyone who takes Mr. Israel Zangwill for an untutored babe, or a guileless literary man, is likely to have a disillusionizing afterthought. Discerning persons who can read between the lines are laughing at the way that clever Israelite and his managers have outwitted the daily newspapers of New York city and secured for "The Zangwill Play" an amount of advertising which, if it could be bought at all, would run up into six figures.

The present condition of affairs brought about by the Theatrical Syndicate made Mr. Zangwill's game a comparatively easy one. The critics who are subsidized by that institution do not care to be known as venal, and the honest ones—quickly numbered—are afraid they may be suspected. Consequently, when Mr. Zangwill's managers put up a howl about the unfairness of the criticisms of his play and hinted that he was the helpless victim of a conspiracy of venal critics, the thin-skinned gentry swallowed the bait and gave Mr. Zangwill's enterprise a discussion rather out of proportion to its merits, but along just the lines to excite public curiosity and attract the public's money. Even that canny sheet, the New York *Herald*, which never gives something for nothing if it knows it, fell into the pit that its enemy digged for it and gave the play a free advertisement that the most deserving of American enterprises could never secure from its absentee proprietor. It is for Mr. Zangwill to laugh.

Fosdick—I never hear you talk about your ancestors. Keedick—Well, they never talked of me that I know of.

When a man gets famous it would seem that every man in the country used to play marbles with him at school.

Master—Name some of the most important things existing to-day which were unknown one hundred years ago. Tommy—You and me.

An old maid suggests that when men break their hearts it is all the same as when a lobster breaks one of his claws—another sprouts immediately and grows in its place.

Mr. Softsawder—Shall I say au revoir and not good-bye? Miss Pointblank—I shouldn't advise you to—at least, not until you are on speaking terms with your French agent.

Lawyer—I must know the whole truth before I can successfully defend you. Have you told me everything? Prisoner—Except where I hid the money. I want that for myself.

Ella—to think that it is two years since we met and you know me at once. Then I haven't changed much, after all! Bella—Oh, I knew you by your bonnet. Who would have thought there was so much wear in it!



Constance Wynes—I am saddest when I sing.
Collier Downe (sotto voce)—So am I.

THE MAKING OF AN M.P.

A particular instance that may have happened any time within the past five or twenty-five years—or not at all.

THE honorable member for East Blank in the Dominion House of Commons died suddenly, leaving a great many debts, a widow, a half-grown family and a vacant constituency. If the widow could have sold the parliamentary seat at auction the funds thus acquired would have been a blessing to her. As she said herself, it seemed a strange thing that, although her husband owned the parliamentary seat and could have held it for two years longer, yet, now that he had unexpectedly died, it appeared that she could not realize a cent on his unexpected term. Her unfortunate husband, always hoping for the best, had squandered a lot of money upon getting elected, fully expecting to hold the seat for five years and then secure an appointment to the Senate. The widow was compelled to repress her deep grief for a moment to observe that her late husband was always too hopeful, and it would have been far better for him either to have lived or to have kept out of politics altogether.

A by-election was necessary in East Blank. The late member had supported the Government, and his successor would be a supporter of the Government also. The constituency was not (and is not) a corrupt one, but, manifestly, there is nothing to be got out of an Opposition in the way of public works for the riding or appointments for one's nephews. To wantonly oppose a Government in a by-election would be sheer and useless belligerency. In a general election it is always very difficult for East Blank to know what to do. The mendacity of the party press is such that the honest townsmen and farmers of East Blank are not always able to tell whether the Grits or the Tories will be returned to power, and sometimes the constituency, misreading the omens, has placed itself in opposition. As it is almost impossible, however, to conduct an election, even in a constituency where the people are of a highly moral character, without some irregularities occurring, the people of East Blank are nearly always able to upset an election so unhappy in its outcome, and in the succeeding by-election a Government supporter is triumphantly returned. To deliberately come into camp afterwards in this way, as if naturally averse and reluctantly convinced, really has some extra advantages. A Government usually throws itself into a by-election and demands from the electorate a pronouncement upon its policy, and one of the latest declarations of its policy is the announcement that it will build a post-office in the largest town in the riding, and in a general way give it something better than cold justice. Therefore East Blank, when it "guesses wrong" in a general election, although shame-faced for a moment at having openly flouted, is not permanently regretful.

The leading men of the constituency, who convince forgetful statesmen that subsidies should be granted to one thing or another in which they are interested, are sound and estimable citizens. When they go to Ottawa or meet a responsible Cabinet Minister anywhere to sue for an appointment to some public office for themselves or relatives, they never miss an opportunity to deplore the bribery and corruption that is practiced in the rural constituencies by smooth strangers from the cities. At home or abroad, on their own side or on the other, they will not palter with vote-buying, which is vicious, debasing and wholly bad. They are honest men. The people of East Blank are honest, church-going, Christian people who would not accept bribes. Whenever, in a general election, the people misjudge the great questions before the country and elect the candidate of the party that is defeated in the country, then the feeling of the people against bribery manifests itself, proves that it is something real, and the law-abiding persons—frequenters of bar rooms and such like—who accepted two-dollar bills are mercilessly hunted out; the election is voided; the bribe-takers are disfranchised; and honest citizens, their duty done, walk up in the ensuing by-election and elect a man to support the Government that has promised them a break-water or a post-office. This much by way of showing that East Blank is one of our best average constituencies.

There must be a new M.P. Who would get the post of honor? It is a dignity. To go as the representative of the free and intelligent electors, to Ottawa; to be introduced in state as the representative in the House of Commons of the important riding of East Blank; to sit in that House where great men, and great men only, sit deliberating on the big affairs of the Dominion—it is an honor the highest and cleanest in Canadian life. Is it not?

The name of John Henry Harland had frequently been mentioned as one of the coming men of the Government party in East Blank. He was shrewd, prosperous, popular, under middle age, and a convincing speaker. He was highly respected for his straightforwardness in business and for the good work he had done in township and county affairs. He was a man among a thousand.

"I have no doubt at all that I will get the nomination," said he to his wife, "and if I get nominated it means my election for certain."

Mrs. Harland thought so too.

On the following evening four leading politicians called to assure Mr. Harland of their support, and to ascertain what steps he proposed to take.

"I propose to take no steps whatever," replied Harland. "I am well known. If I am wanted, very well; if not, very well."

"Yes, of course," said the spokesman. "We know all about that. But Tracy is out after the nomination—started off with his buggy early this morning seeking people. You've got to see people too—who

are you going to see, who can you count on?"

"I don't know and I don't intend to find out," replied Harland. "Let me tell you right now that I'll not cross the road to see a living soul. If the party wants me—if the people of East Blank want me, they can say so. I am no stranger here, and I am no wire-puller. If I'm nominated I'll hold meetings and push things along—that's only fair to the party, but I won't button-hole a living creature to get the nomination."

The faces of the deputation fell. "That's all right," said the spokesman hurriedly. "I don't know but what it's a very good line if the boys here will get out and push it along."

"That's right," assented another brightly. "Everybody else will be red-hot after it. Mr. Harland leaves himself in the hands of his party. That sounds all right."

"But I mean it," exclaimed Harland. "Yes. That's the worst part of it—you mean it. However, we'll see what we can do. And mind you—I tell you what—if it goes through you'll have a good deal to thank us for, the four of us here."

"That's all right," said Harland. "Just let the thing go its own way until nomination day."

"Oh, yes, we will—won't we, boys?"

"That's what we will!" laughed the others, as they put on their hats and left to talk the whole situation over somewhere else where Harland's ticklish notions would not require to be consulted.

"If it is going to be a pull and a haul," said Harland to his wife later on, "I don't intend to get into it. Tracy is a smooth-tongued beggar, and he'll do anything. But I won't, that's flat."

"I was thinking that poor Smith who has just died wasn't much better off for being member of Parliament," said his wife.

"Oh, well, he spent every dollar he had in politics, you see—let his farm run down and sold his village property. He was fishing for a Senatorship. A man doesn't need to go to pot when he goes to Parliament," and Harland laughed at the idea.

It was soon apparent that other names than those of Harland and Tracy were up for consideration. Capable outsiders were having it "rumored" in the big city daily papers that they were likely to get the nomination. Half a dozen other local men in various corners of the constituency were actively canvassing in opposition to Tracy and pledging men to support them. Every influence was brought to bear upon Harland to induce him to "get to work," but he flatly refused to see even his intimate friends, although when questioned he admitted that he would feel honored if chosen and would stand for nomination if his name was put up at the convention.

For weeks every person in the riding who showed any political activity at election times, moved about mysteriously seeing people in private and arranging for the nominating convention. Young boys sat up in back rooms of hotels with their hats pushed back, drinking liquor and believing that they were influencing delegates for one man or another as to the callow mind seemed best. Men went to prayer meetings that had not seen them for months and months. Some of the aspirants showed a generosity towards church funds that under other circumstances would have been most commendable. Some of the churches also showed a comprehension of the ways of politics that may be turned to excellent account when the time comes to purify public life. One church secretly opened a subscription to build a new driving-sheep, while another decided to put on a steed. This might have been called the Election Church. The subscriptions that first erected it were taken at the time of a Dominion general election; it was furnished inside by a Provincial election; the next Dominion election yielded it a small but sufficient pipe organ, and the pastor was waiting and watching for a steed by-election. If his church could not get a tolerable beffy out of this, it would be entirely due to bad management.

Night found many an aspirant far from home attending a religious service or drinking in a bar-room, as determined by his bent or his opportunity. They seemed to figure that a lot of canvassing was necessary unless a man were in the enviable position where he could stand up and promise a post-office or a wharf to an assembled constituency. This, however, was the weapon of the nominee, and no one claimant could use it against his rivals in the party convention.

The great day came.

From far and near gathered the stalwarts of East Blank. It was an average crowd—men morally too good to engage in a crime, and intellectually too dull to reform a moderately evil condition of things. Among them were the six likely candidates and a dozen or so of deluded ones who thought they might have a chance. There are always men, not crazy, but weak, whom practical jokers operate upon in cases like this. It is widely amusing to see them shaking hands with all comers and clumsily playing the cheap parts of the great politicians who have joshed the masses for years.

"Gentlemen," said the president of the association, "I have now explained to you how the vote will be taken, and there is nothing more for me to say, but I will add that this is a very important function in our system of government. We are about to select the man who will be the next member of Parliament for East Blank. (Cheers.) We must select a good man—the best man. We must select a man who will be a credit to East Blank. I know, gentlemen, that you are unpledged and uncommitted. (Coughs.) Anyhow, the names are before you, and I guess we'll get to work, without any more guff from me," and he ended hurriedly, smiling amid laughter.

The meeting had been preceded by brief and secret confabs in back rooms of the village hotels, between district chairmen and local organizers. It was known just how much money each aspirant could

make available for the contest, although it was pretty generally understood that ample funds would be supplied by the party at large. And now compromise, dicker, trade, promise, all were done, and it was a matter of voting.

John Harland was there, and the welcome he had received on all hands and the unsolicited assurances of support filled him with hope. He headed the first ballot.

John Henry Harland 43
William R. Tracy 41
Jabez Tuft 22
Adam Burt 20

There was a scattered vote for several others, but it is not necessary to give the list. There were 150 votes in all. The second ballot resulted almost the same as the first, but the third revealed a big change in the standing of the four leaders.

Harland 60
Tracy 37
Burt 42
Tuft 9

The rest were scattered. Here occurred a considerable delay, during which Tracy, Tuft and several others got together, and when the fourth ballot was taken it resulted in a nomination.

Burt 87
Harland 69
All others 3

Tracy and Tuft had thrown their followers against Harland, and Adam Burt was the man—Burt from the west end of the riding. The result was greeted with wild cheers. Harland jumped up and moved that the nomination be made unanimous, which Tracy at once seconded. In response to cheers Mr. Burt ascended the platform.

An old man, very bald and very thin. He was no speaker—he admitted that, and then he demonstrated it conclusively. He floundered, stopped, apologized for his inability to make a speech, thanked the convention, and after four minutes sat down, very red and flustered and mighty glad to be done.

He was the only man in the convention who did not know that the real reason of his nomination was the fact that he was old. He had no other recommendation whatever. Each aspirant who found his own chance of nomination disappearing, threw his influence for Burt, who could not in nature hold the place for more than two or three years. Each figured that he could use those two or three years so well that at the next opening he could win the nomination. And so the word "Burt" was passed around, and those who understood, voted Burt.

Behind this venerable person, barren of words and ideas, the party strength of East Blank massed itself. Harland used all his respectability and strength of character in the canvass, and all his persuasive logic on the platform. Tracy flew over the riding by night and day, seeing people and making promises. Tuft, not to be outdone in loyalty to the party, ate cold lunches in a smoke-infested committee-room, working over voters' lists and mailing circulars. The Government, represented by its Premier, two other ministers, several members of Parliament, some organizers and a few strangers, came into the riding to have its policy vindicated, and incidentally mentioned that East Blank had never received that attention which its trade and commerce deserved, but that a wharf was provided for in the estimates. From the speech of the Premier I make this extract:

"Before you, as a candidate, stands a gentleman who has your profound respect—(applause)—a man whom you all know, who has grown gray in your midst. (Applause.) I am sure that I need not dwell upon his virtues to you, who know that to meet him but once is to esteem him for life. I shall regard it as a high privilege to have with me in the House a man of the high morals and sound worth of our good friend, Mr. Adam Burt. (Terrific and long-continued applause.)"

Mr. Adam Burt, M.P., although somewhat puzzled by the littleness of his sphere in Ottawa and the meagre information supplied him as to why he was voting as he did, soon found a snug corner and a few cronies in Ottawa. He quietly smoked and did little harm until one day a Senatorship was given him so that East Blank might open its safe arms to a Cabinet Minister who had lost his seat and for whom it was necessary to provide a Sure Thing. So Harland, and Tracy, and Tuft, and all the others turned out, nominated and elected the Minister in no time, and gave him a torchlight procession as he left for Ottawa, M.P. for East Blank. Just when this all happened—if indeed it happened at all—is of no consequence at all.

Famous Jokes I Have Met.

By Tudor Jenks.
THE FISHERMAN.

MADE many enquiries among my friends and enemies in seeking the typical fisherman so dear to the American Humorists. I did not, of course, blurt out the object of my questions; instead, I imitated the tactics of the trout-fishermen about whom the sporting papers tell us. I went casually about the quest, without giving a hint of my purpose.

The interview would proceed something in this way:

"Do you care for outdoor sports?"
"No; I never have played golf."
"What do you do in your vacations?"
"Smoke and read the newspapers."
"Are you fond of hunting?"
"No; my wife goes to the Intelligence Office."

"Did you ever see a whale?"
"No; old man, are you on the census?"
"No; but I thought you might know some place where I could go fishing."
"Oh! I see. Yes; of course I do; go up to Mohoshmeektaawkat."

"Any good fishing there?"
"I should say! Fishing! Well! See here. My friend Job Watkinson and I were two days in the woods, and we brought out eighteen and three-eighths quintals of codfish, besides having codfish cakes and maple syrup every day

fresh from the hives."

"From the—?"
"Hives—wild bees, you know. The brooks up there are full of codfish and scollops and eel-grass. Ever eat eel-grass, old man? You ought to eat some the way our guide, Pete, cooks it!"

Of course, then I know the man is not reliable; for though not a sportsman, I do know the difference between codfish and Plymouth Rock hens, which is more than can be said of such automatic, load-by-daylight, magazine liars as these.

My enquiries proved fruitless; but I desisted from my failures. Then my subconscious good sense came to my aid. It directed me to the dealers in fish; and at the very first trial I landed my game.

He was a smug, genteel person, with a dyed mustache turned up at the ends, and side whiskers that fluttered in the wind. He was dressed in brown duck, with shooting or wading boots coming up nearly to his ears. He carried a creel, and a bait-box, and a rod with automatic fire-alarms on it. It had a reel that would do stunts when you whistled to it and scratched it under the ear.

He entered the fishmonger's shop and asked what fish were in season. He bought a lot of assorted kinds and sizes. He put a fly-hook into the mouth of one of them.

Trying to look as respectable and prosperous as I could, so as to avert any suspicion of my being a humorist by profession, I followed like an Old Sleuth bound upon his track. When I fell into his wake I knew from the odor of the fish that I had struck a scent at last.

I followed him to his lair—a neat residence such as is inhabited by one of the upper middle class. At the door he paused, and I hastened to overtake him.

"Excuse me, sir," I said, "but I am a reporter for the *Fisherman's Gazette*, and I have been sent to interview you."

"Ah," he responded with an open smile of keen joy, "I am glad to see you. Come right in."

We entered, and after a few minutes he brought in his wife—a blue-eyed, matronly person of trustful countenance—and I was presented in my assumed character.

"He has been sent," the fisherman explained, "to interview me concerning the facilities for obtaining fish in this neighborhood. Am I right?" he enquired.

"Entirely so," I answered, "and, as I am somewhat hurried, I should be glad if—"

"Certainly," he said; "I was just about to tell my wife about my trip."

"I had my usual luck," he went on, turning to his wife with a composure that Baron Munchausen never equalled, "and I remained away all day. The fish were plentiful, and were in great variety, though confined to a small space. There was only one other man there, and he seemed to take the fish readily. In fact, there was not much sport in filling my basket, and it cost me very little beyond the trouble of selecting those I preferred."

"What flies did you use?" inquired his innocent wife.

"This one," replied the man of guile, carefully extracting from the trout's jaw the one I had seen him insert there.

"Was it a good place for fishing?" was his wife's next question.

"Well, no," he answered, with an air of great candor. "There were plenty of fish, but they didn't show any spirit—any life."

"You have certainly kept yourself very tidy," remarked his wife approvingly.

"Yes," he answered shamelessly, "but the way I fish there is no need of spoiling your clothes. You wouldn't think I had been near the water, would you?"

This was said with sublime effrontery. The man was a jewel. He was a genuine out and out fraud. His statements did not even sound fishy. His effrontery was on a true *fin de siècle* scale. He reeled off his line of codding without floundering, and his wife took the bait whole.

I arose to make my exit.

"It was good of you to call," he said, "and I shall be glad to give you any information you may require at any time."

"Thank you," I said; "I think you have told me all I wished to know except the price you paid for the fish."

"Then you saw me?" he asked, his face lighting up. "I am truly delighted."

"Delighted!" I exclaimed in a voice of withering scorn that I had picked up from the leading man of a dramatic association of amateurs.

"Yes," he went on, undisturbed. "You are no doubt thinking of the moral side of the transaction. But in that, my dear sir, you are entirely in the wrong. Consider rather its economic side. I am opposed to whatever injures trade. If I catch my own fish, I enter into competition with the dealer and hurt his business. By purchasing his fish I aid him to support his family."

"I see," I answered. "But your wife is deceived. She thinks you a skilful fisherman, whereas you are a plain fraud."

"You deceive yourself," he replied. "She doesn't believe a word I say. She knows I never caught a fish in my life."

"You should catch one, then," I answered warmly, "or not pretend to be a fisherman."

"If I should catch one, she would still believe that I bought it. You see, she is the daughter of an editor of a comic paper, and from childhood has believed that all fishermen are liars. She is interested only to see how skilfully I can tell my story. Consequently I deceive no one, and benefit the fishmongers and dealers in sporting goods. Are you answered?"

"I am," I admitted. "And you have more than satisfied me. I will be as frank as yourself. I am no reporter, but the representative of the Order of American Humorists. I am seeking, in real life, the originals of their time-worn jests. You are the genuine type of Humorists' Fisherman, and I have the pleasure of offering you a pension for life in recognition of your services in behalf of my brethren. Will you accept it?"

"With delight," he exclaimed with deep emotion. "I am overjoyed to be a genuine anything—even a genuine fraud."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

"Acrost the Contnint."

Special Correspondence of Mr. Caleb Jinkins of Jinkins Corners, Ont.



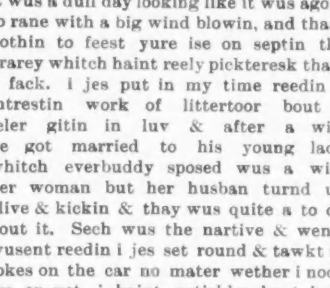
IX. FERNIE b c Oc. 29.

to the editor of the Saturday Nite noon paper

DEER SIR



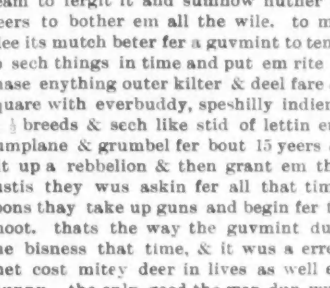
from reginey we steerd our corse to the fur north to wit namebly to Prince albert. these a littenin xpress trane gese up that ralerode twict a weak, it hes bout a dozen frate cars and i passinger car on it and wen you cum to us the distince is bout 250 miles with a good menny places convenient for a frate trane to do the lofin it is so much addicted to you kin unstan its a all day job to git thare. Ef the wether was fine and thay was plenty seenery a feler cood git throo it thout dyn of tired outniss, but on the abuv menshind ocaasion it was a dull day looking like it was agoin to rane with a big wind blowin, and thay nothin to feest yure ise on septin the praye whitch haint reely pickteresk thats a fack. i jes put in my time reedin a insterin work of littertoor bout a feler gitin in luv & after a wile he got married to his young lady whitch everbuddy sposed was a widdar woman but her husband turnd up alive & kickin & thay was quite a to do bout it. Sech was the narvive & wen i wusent reedin i jes set round & tawk to fokes on the car no mater wether i node em or not, i haint petickler bout bein interdoosed & all like of that in sech a case. And so things went along sum how till at last we got thare, i dont mean to prince albert fer Misses Snodgrass and me got offen the cars at duck Lake & got apartmints at the tavern as i node duck lake was a historikal pint of interest. i was interdoosed to a silbrated man by



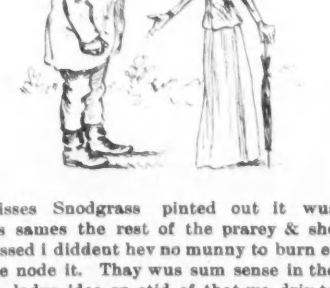
name of Bronoo, hees a french feler & was sekterry to Reel at time of the rebellion up in them parts. He haint got dun tawkin bout them war times yet & he tole me hes a hull pile of Reels leters & correspondance & hes a idee to rite a book bout the war. i dont think the publick neent to be scart tho, es ime plesseed to state hees a rite down lazy chap & wont never do it. i notis hull lots of the setelers is jes sames him in regards of tawkin bout N. the silver hes bin took out & the place is heild up, but thay dont seem to fergit it and sumhow nuther it peers to bother em all the wile. to my idee its mutch beter fer a guvmit to tend to sech things in time and put em rite if thaye anything out kilter & deel fare & square with everbuddy, spehilly indiens & i breeds & sech like stid of lettin em cumplane & grumbl fer bout 15 years & git up a rebellion & then grant em the justis they was askin fer all that time soons thay take up guns and begin fer to shoot. thats the way the guvmit dun the biness that time, & it was a erret thet cood mitey deer in lives as well es munny. the only good the war dun was to git this part of the kentry sum batel feelds that the livery feler will drive you to of you pay em good, and show you ware the fltin was did, and how the branchis is cut offen the trees with bullits. i diddnt go to see the battel feeld of batosh. i calklatid to but



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misses Snodgrass pinted out it was jes sames the rest of the praye & she gessed i diddnt hev no munny to burn of she node it. Thay was sum sense in the ole ladys idee so stid of that we driv to Prince albert. Its about 40 miles, but we injide it es the wether changed to jes like summer & the seenery is like a pickter all the wase.

We cum to a farm bout diner time &

went in to the farm house to git a meel. Wen the farmer hisself cum in he diddnt no we was settin in the front room & he gin quite a start wen he seen me and flt his ise on me stiddy & kinder trimbled in his vice es he ses is yure name Jonson mister. i ses no i haint. Then he peered to gin a sl of releef & ses you look very mutch like Jonson the agint fer the reepin masheens, i reely took you fer him at fust. this putty nI brung teers in my ise, thay was a hull history of promissory notes & trubble i seen back of them words. Wel he felt so good bout being mistook thet he sot down and tawk bout things in ginrel He tole bout the tuff luck he hes had with his farmin fer sevril years, gittin his crops spilled rite along with frost & so on, and hevin sech big rates to pay the ralerode fer everthing sent out or brung in & hi taxis fer lokel improvments & so th. Thay was



a regier pittiful look in his face es he ses to me i gess mister you make yure livin esey jes with tawkin & dont hev to use yure hans like us unfortit farmers. Wel i ses, i haint workin to kill myself jes at present but why dont you pull up stakes and quit farmin or be a preacher or like of that i ses. Thats a good idee he ses, but i greeve to state its outen the questin es i haint got a solitary witey to my name. I never heerd nothin more pitthetikal than this in my hull life. Pore feler, but i gess thaye sum of it his own falt as other farmers round the same seekshin is gittin along well and haint grumblin.



Prince albert is a rite smart town and it looks like the people is prosperus. It hes got a grand site & gits up a sunset pickter fer the visitter thet wood be hard to beet. We cum back to the mane line & heded fer the west agin & arose at medsin hat. this town hes growed to be quite a place & is now the grate shippin pint fer the ranch biness. thay tole me six years ago thay was bout 900 cattel shipt hear and las year moren 6000 & this year is agoin to beet that all holler. Its all ranchin in this part of the kentry & you see bufflo bill's wile vest show free ever day so fur es cow boys is concerned, the way them feler kin ride a hoss beats the dutch. i sposed it mus be the saddle belt bilt so you cant fall off. i was brung up on a farm & ust to ride hoss back wen i was yung, so i ast a cow boy to let me hev a try with his hoss. He ses al rite wiskers,



& gin me a boost on & off we startid. but that blame hoss jes went es he plesseed & i coodint do nothin with him by pullin the lines rite or left. he jes made a holey show of me fore a big crowd & misses snodgrass putty nI ketched paltpashin of the hart fer fee id git kild. Wel at last i got off suddin & thout bein hurt mutch & then the cow boy tole me thay dont brake thaye hosses sose to mind the bit but allus gides em by pressin the ranes to the side of the neck or elts by pressin em this side or tuther with thare nee this is a littel pint i diddnt no or i cood hev did better in my performence before the publick.

We air now in brittish columbiy minin distrik & ile let you heer from me nex weak es per usul. Yurne truly,

CALEB JINKINS.

Scotsmen! This is Only a Joke.

A good story is told by an English tourist who stayed for a week in apartments in Aberdeen, the "Granite City."

"I had heard," he says, "of the canny folk of Aberdeen, and my experience, short though it was, proved that rumor had rightly estimated the character of the people. The streets are granite, the houses are granite, and the inhabitants are granite; and when they have a granite baby they give it a ball of granite, for fear it should break any other toy."

"I had a granite landlady, and one day when I was going fishing, her son

TRANSPORTATION—RAIL AND WATER.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

New York, Southampton (London), Bremen
Sail, Tuesday, Nov. 21, 10 a.m.
Kaiser Wilhelm, Tuesday, Nov. 28, 10 a.m.
Aller, Tuesday, Dec. 5, 10 a.m.

New York—Southampton—Bremen

Oldenburg, Thursday, Nov. 23, 10 a.m.
H. H. Meier, Thursday, Nov. 30, 10 a.m.

MEDITERRANEAN NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

HAMBURG AM. LINES

Lv. New York.	Ar. Gibral.	Naples/Genoa.
F. Bismarck, Nov. 14	Nov. 20	Nov. 20
Emm., Dec. 2	Dec. 11	Dec. 11
Aug. Victoria, Dec. 9	Dec. 20	Dec. 20
Kaiser Wm. II, Dec. 16	Dec. 27	Dec. 27
Werra, Dec. 30	Jan. 8	Jan. 8
F. Bismarck, Jan. 3	Jan. 10	Jan. 10
Columbia, Jan. 10	Jan. 17	Jan. 17
Emm., Jan. 20	Jan. 27	Jan. 27
Kaiser Wm. II, Jan. 27	Feb. 4	Feb. 4

Lv. New York.	Ar. Gibral.	Genoa.	Al-x-andria.
F. Bismarck, Jan. 3	Jan. 14	Jan. 14	Jan. 14
Columbia, Jan. 10	Jan. 20	Jan. 20	Jan. 20
Kaiser Wm. II, Mch. 3	Mch. 11	Mch. 11	Mch. 11

ORIENTAL CRUISE—S. S. Augusta Victoria will leave New York Jan. 25, calling at Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Italy, Malta, Egypt, Palestine, Turkey and Greece. Duration of cruise, 67 days. Special pamphlets on application. Ask for beautiful illustrated book on Mediterranean.

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St. Paul, Dec. 6, New York, Jan. 3

St. Louis, Jan. 10, New York, Jan. 10

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Anecdotal.

Archbishop Whately was one day walking along the streets of Dublin when an itinerant beggar asked him for alms, mentioning the inevitable wife and five children at home, two down with measles, the youngest—six months old—dying of whooping cough, all out of work.

"My good man," said the Archbishop, "I make it a rule never to give money to a beggar in the street." The man looked at him intelligently, and was willing to meet him half way in the matter. "Where, then, would you honor like me to wait upon you?" he asked.

The first appearance of the Waldeck-Rousseau ministry before the Chamber of Deputies in Paris was the occasion of an unusually stormy session. Most of the attacks were made against the war minister, Gallifet, who sat quietly on the ministerial bench. Every now and then he enquired of a colleague the names of the most violent speakers, which he at once jotted down. "What are you doing?" one of the ministers asked him. "Just what you see," answered Gallifet: "taking these fellows' names down." "What for?" To have them shot, I suppose?" "No; to invite them to supper!" was Gallifet's reply.

A colored man was before the United States Court, in Philadelphia, recently, charged with some infraction of the law. He had no counsel, and the judge assigned Hampton L. Carson to defend him. The government by the testimony of several witnesses established a strong case against the defendant. The learned counsel for the prisoner said: "Now, Sambo! please take the witness stand and give your version of this affair." The "man and brother" looked wise and quizzical, and turning around for a moment said: "Boss! in these yeh circumstances, I guess it would be better for me to remain neutral."

Half a dozen back country Boers once went to Pretoria, and during the day President Kruger showed them over the Government Buildings. In one of the rooms an electric lamp was burning, and

as they passed out the President, with his hand on the switch, asked them to blow out the light from where they stood. One after another drew a deep breath, blew out his cheeks, and sent forth a tremendous puff, but all in vain. Then the President bade them look, and, blowing out his cheeks, slyly turned the switch, blew, and out went the light. The Boers were amazed, and as they left the buildings one of them who had been more observant than the rest, remarked: "The President must have a wonderfully strong breath, for, did you notice, the light was entirely inclosed in glass."

That Little Irish Ride.

IV.

On the last evening when Baby and I sought a place to repose ourselves for the night, we varied our usual procedure by climbing instead of coasting to our hostelry, Garron Tower.

rears its lordly side to the sea upon a cliff, to which one ascends by a road just steep enough to be impossible for cycling. And it is a mile long, this rocky road, and many were our grunts and groans as we toiled up, warm from our hilarity on the exquisite ride from Cushendall. Very soon the surroundings changed: a lodge and gates, great trees, and a better road way, signs of the country residence of someone of quality, and then quite in an instant between us and the sea stood Garron Tower, crowning Garron Point and commanding the fairest outlook seaward, while backed by the great rising wooded cliff which beetled to our left in the gathering dusk. Baby and I almost hesitated to dash in between the stone pillars and wheel wayfaring bicycles under the massive arch of the porte cochere. The place looked so delightfully baronial and dignified with its handsome gardens and many windowed walls. But out ran two or three small boys in livery, a fussy, fat, old butler in a bald head and a tail-coat, and Baby remarked, "That English gentleman be blessed! He told a true tale," as we were welcomed with an effusion truly grateful, but not to be expected after an hotel's first season. Please, everybody who is well-advised enough to visit Ireland, divest yourself of Killarney ideas for one week and try Antrim, and don't forget that to stop at Garron Tower is an episode not to be let pass. It is truly, lush, stock and barrel, an Irish noble's country seat: the grand drawing room hung with the grand portrait of the grand Marchioness Anne of Londonderry in a ravishing court costume of the sardine era; another of the aquis, her husband, in war array, with a gallant white charger; a third of Vane Tempest, whose creditors have dined the traditions of aristocracy to fall upon them, by letting Garron Tower to an hotel company. I had a "robed chamber"—the wall, the rug, the chintz canopy and window curtains all overting pink flowers, and from the small easement an outlook over my lady's garden, all a-bloom and a-blow with vivid red of geranium, blue of lobelia, and dashes of pink and scarlet in rows of gladioli just in their glory. Huge trees of hydrangea covered in pink, here and there sweet briar and many another dainty perfume, was what one saw and smelt in the rose bud room. The banquet was spread in a dining room set with rare plaques and curios fastened on the walls. No hint except the guests hinted at an hotel, and even the guests ate and drank in reserved dignity, evidently superinduced by the atmosphere. And as yet it is not vulgarized, this dear, calm, remote place, where one misses Anne, Marchioness of Londonderry and her train of servants, at every stage of the game. I wish I could tell you, without looking foolish, the joke Baby and I quite innocently played upon the bald-headed butler and his satellites. How I was her ladyship here and your ladyship there, and how Baby enjoyed it, while I became a party to the fraud, if silence gives consent, and accepted a title which only belongs to this column—rather than interfere with the fussy old chap, who enjoyed having me at Garron Tower so much. There was rum for her ladyship's cold, and the seat at the head of the table d'hôte for her ladyship, and a discreet reserve of one place at either side between her ladyship and those lesser persons who

were neither lordships nor ladyships. For very little, Baby and I would have stayed there a week, only we were a bit afraid of our unintentional deception, and decided neither our conscience nor our risibles could stand the pre-ssure. Until that butler is dead and buried Garron Tower is closed to me, for a delusion stands at the gate, but I hope to outlive him and spend a lovely holiday there some time at reasonable rates. There is tennis, and there is sport at killing things in season, and a glen, to explore which would put romance and poetry into a pork-packer; and the tomb of a faithful dog, whose virtues appeal to one from a tombstone with much more force than the like panegyric over any possible human; and Baby and I wandered about the grounds and watched the morning sea, and went into sly gales of laughter over the subservient butler and his host, and finally got away on a tip of two and sixpence and considered it cheap. Down a stony path we rode, where my new accomplishment in the braking line came in very nicely, and having reached the coast again we proceeded in much comfort and pleasure towards Larne.

But the glory was behind us, the adventure and the hard work were over, and we went silently around the edge of beautiful Belfast loch regretting we knew not what, rebelling against the approaching town, the railway, the great Belfast city, where Irishmen lived who were neither shiftless nor lazy nor at all simple-minded; where one could run no greater risk of one's life than in Toronto; where the trolley ever clanged and the monotony is asphalted. And it was hotel, and shop, and railway tickets which were to hold our minds for the next stage, in the place of sea, and sky, and rose-gold hillsides. "Aye-yeh!" sighed we. "Tis done!"

Always there is some practical person to whom figures are grateful; and it may be there is really someone who will take this sweet pilgrimage on my recommendation. To such I offer the information that our trip was not an expensive one, its cost, including Baby's ticket back from Belfast to Londonderry, and also her bicycle ticket, being just four pounds eleven and ninepence. This was a bit more than our actual outlay for the four days' tour, as some bother about baggage, necessitating telegrams, and small purchases on my part, reduced our tour total to four pounds. It wasn't dear for twenty dollars—four days' solid fun for two of us—was it?

LADY GAY.

Ingersoll Man.

Can Do More Work on the Farm Than His Twenty-Four-Year-Old Son.

For Three or Four Years at One Time He Was Too Weak to Work at all. Did- With Kidney Disease—Dodd's Kidney Pills Saved Him His Present Strength.

INGERSOLL, Nov. 6.—We have a man in this district who is a remarkable example of the adage, "Health and strength go as a pair." He is a middle-aged man in perfect health, and glories in his strength. Yet some years ago he used to be as weak and helpless as a kitten.

Mr. W. H. Bailey lives on lot five on the town-line between Derham and West Oxford. He is a farmer by occupation and well known throughout the district. For years Mr. Bailey was a victim of Kidney Disease which sapped his strength. He was not a believer in patent medicines, but he tried all the doctors in Ingersoll without avail. Then he took three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and became a whole, sound man once more. To so great an extent did he gain in strength that in spite of his years he could overmatch his grown-up son, a big strapping man of twenty-four.

Mr. Bailey says: "For years I have been troubled with Kidney Disease, being so bad at times that I could do nothing. I had tried all the doctors in this town, but they would have put me in my grave. I took three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and am now able to do more work than my twenty-four-year-old son."

A New Paper.

SATURDAY NIGHT has received a copy of the first issue of the *Evening Herald*, a bright little paper published by Messrs. Griffiths & McPherson, 121 Church Street, and edited by Mr. T. M. Humber. One of the articles in this issue, Why Bar Hatter-Briton, is a very good resume of the Toronto question. Sample copies are given free by the publishers.

Mrs. Walker—I don't see why the doctors all recommend bicycle riding. If it makes people healthier it is a law to the doctors. Mr. Walker—I know, but they calculate that one sound, healthy rider will disable at least five pedestrians per week.

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Christmas
SIX WEEKS AWAY
Photographs

as they passed out the President, with his hand on the switch, asked them to blow out the light from where they stood.

One after another drew a deep breath, blew out his cheeks, and sent forth a tremendous puff, but all in vain. Then the President bade them look, and, blowing out his cheeks, slyly turned the switch, blew, and out went the light.

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IV.

On the last evening when Baby and I sought a place to repose ourselves for the night, we varied our usual procedure by climbing instead of coasting to our hostelry, Garron Tower.

rears its lordly side to the sea upon a cliff, to which one ascends by a road just steep enough to be impossible for cycling. And it is a mile long, this rocky road, and many were our grunts and groans as we toiled up, warm from our hilarity on the exquisite ride from Cushendall. Very soon the surroundings changed: a lodge and gates, great trees, and a better road way, signs of the country residence of someone of quality, and then quite in an instant between us and the sea stood Garron Tower, crowning Garron Point and commanding the fairest outlook seaward, while backed by the great rising wooded cliff which beetled to our left in the gathering dusk. Baby and I almost hesitated to dash in between the stone pillars and wheel wayfaring bicycles under the massive arch of the porte cochere. The place looked so delightfully baronial and dignified with its handsome gardens and many windowed walls. But out ran two or three small boys in livery, a fussy, fat, old butler in a bald head and a tail-coat, and Baby remarked, "That English gentleman be blessed! He told a true tale," as we were welcomed with an effusion truly grateful, but not to be expected after an hotel's first season. Please, everybody who is well-advised enough to visit Ireland, divest yourself of Killarney ideas for one week and try Antrim, and don't forget that to stop at Garron Tower is an episode not to be let pass. It is truly, lush, stock and barrel, an Irish noble's country seat: the grand drawing room hung with the grand portrait of the grand Marchioness Anne of Londonderry in a ravishing court costume of the sardine era; another of the aquis, her husband, in war array, with a gallant white charger; a third of Vane Tempest, whose creditors have dined the traditions of aristocracy to fall upon them, by letting Garron Tower to an hotel company. I had a "robed chamber"—the wall, the rug, the chintz canopy and window curtains all overting pink flowers, and from the small easement an outlook over my lady's garden, all a-bloom and a-blow with vivid red of geranium, blue of lobelia, and dashes of pink and scarlet in rows of gladioli just in their glory. Huge trees of hydrangea covered in pink, here and there sweet briar and many another dainty perfume, was what one saw and smelt in the rose bud room. The banquet was spread in a dining room set with rare plaques and curios fastened on the walls. No hint except the guests hinted at an hotel, and even the guests ate and drank in reserved dignity, evidently superinduced by the atmosphere. And as yet it is not vulgarized, this dear, calm, remote place, where one misses Anne, Marchioness of Londonderry and her train of servants, at every stage of the game. I wish I could tell you, without looking foolish, the joke Baby and I quite innocently played upon the bald-headed butler and his satellites. How I was her ladyship here and your ladyship there, and how Baby enjoyed it, while I became a party to the fraud, if silence gives consent, and accepted a title which only belongs to this column—rather than interfere with the fussy old chap, who enjoyed having me at Garron Tower so much. There was rum for her ladyship's cold, and the seat at the head of the table d'hôte for her ladyship, and a discreet reserve of one place at either side between her ladyship and those lesser persons who

were neither lordships nor ladyships. For very little, Baby and I would have stayed there a week, only we were a bit afraid of our unintentional deception, and decided neither our conscience nor our risibles could stand the pre-ssure. Until that butler is dead and buried Garron Tower is closed to me, for a delusion stands at the gate, but I hope to outlive him and spend a lovely holiday there some time at reasonable rates. There is tennis, and there is sport at killing things in season, and a glen, to explore which would put romance and poetry into a pork-packer; and the tomb of a faithful dog, whose virtues appeal to one from a tombstone with much more force than the like panegyric over any possible human; and Baby and I wandered about the grounds and watched the morning sea, and went into sly gales of laughter over the subservient butler and his host, and finally got away on a tip of two and sixpence and considered it cheap. Down a stony path we rode, where my new accomplishment in the braking line came in very nicely, and having reached the coast again we proceeded in much comfort and pleasure towards Larne.

But the glory was behind us, the adventure and the hard work were over, and we went silently around the edge of beautiful Belfast loch regretting we knew not what, rebelling against the approaching town, the railway, the great Belfast city, where Irishmen lived who were neither shiftless nor lazy nor at all simple-minded; where one could run no greater risk of one's life than in Toronto; where the trolley ever clanged and the monotony is asphalted. And it was hotel, and shop, and railway tickets which were to hold our minds for the next stage, in the place of sea, and sky, and rose-gold hillsides. "Aye-yeh!" sighed we. "Tis done!"

Always there is some practical person to whom figures are grateful; and it may be there is really someone who will take this sweet pilgrimage on my recommendation. To such I offer the information that our trip was not an expensive one, its cost, including Baby's ticket back from Belfast to Londonderry, and also her bicycle ticket, being just four pounds eleven and ninepence. This was a bit more than our actual outlay for the four days' tour, as some bother about baggage, necessitating telegrams, and small purchases on my part, reduced our tour total to four pounds. It wasn't dear for twenty dollars—four days' solid fun for two of us—was it?

LADY GAY.

Ingersoll Man.

Can Do More Work on the Farm Than His Twenty-Four-Year-Old Son.

For Three or Four Years at One Time He Was Too Weak to Work at all. Did- With Kidney Disease—Dodd's Kidney Pills Saved Him His Present Strength.

INGERSOLL, Nov. 6.—We have a man in this district who is a remarkable example of the adage, "Health and strength go as a pair." He is a middle-aged man in perfect health, and glories in his strength. Yet some years ago he used to be as weak and helpless as a kitten.

Mr. W. H. Bailey lives on lot five on the town-line between Derham and West Oxford. He is a farmer by occupation and well known throughout the district. For years Mr. Bailey was a victim of Kidney Disease which sapped his strength. He was not a believer in patent medicines, but he tried all the doctors in Ingersoll without avail. Then he took three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and became a whole, sound man once more. To so great an extent did he gain in strength that in spite of his years he could overmatch his grown-up son, a big strapping man of twenty-four.

Mr. Bailey says: "For years I have been troubled with Kidney Disease, being so bad at times that I could do nothing. I had tried all the doctors in this town, but they would have put me in my grave. I took three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and am now able to do more work than my twenty-four-year-old son."

A New Paper.

SATURDAY NIGHT has received a copy of the first issue of the *Evening Herald*, a bright little paper published by Messrs. Griffiths & McPherson, 121 Church Street, and edited by Mr. T. M. Humber. One of the articles in this issue, Why Bar Hatter-Briton, is a very good resume of the Toronto question. Sample copies are given free by the publishers.

Mrs. Walker—I don't see why the doctors all recommend bicycle riding. If it makes people healthier it is a law to the doctors. Mr. Walker—I know, but they calculate that one sound, healthy rider will disable at least five pedestrians per week.

A NEW HAT

WITH SOILED SHOES

MAKES A MAN LOOK SHABBY.

AVOID THIS BY USING

PACKARD'S

Special Combination

LEATHER DRESSINGS

A perfect Polish for all Colored and Black Shoes.

25c. at all Shoe Stores.

L. H. PACKARD & CO. MONTREAL.

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We wish to emphasize the fact that you can get all the good books here as cheap and often cheaper than they are offered elsewhere.

Just a chance to prove this to those who do not know. We think it wise to refrain from handing cheap prints—that is, book trash from the bookman's standpoint.

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We wish to emphasize the fact that you can get all the good books here as cheap and often cheaper than they are offered elsewhere.

Just a chance to prove this to those who

Studio and Gallery

"Degrade first the art, if you will. Man-kind degrades."—Blake.

ASCHOOL of art appears to be somewhat of a joke in Canada. We are so busy getting, and making also, after a fashion, the time necessary to its cultivation. The people of culture and means, whose influence could assist so materially, seem hardly to be aware that we have art schools. Perhaps not so much as been done to invite their co-operation might have been done. The hopes of future rewards for the pupils in making use of the knowledge acquired in the industrial or other art of the country are somewhat visionary. The want for industrial design here is comparatively little, it may be a pity this is true, but to be an illustration offers some inducements.

As for artists, we have more, but than we need perhaps, but more than we use, and the number is a source of weakness, not strength, as might perhaps be expected, to an art school. The number of institutions, important and otherwise, affecting to give some place to instruction, disastrously divides the constituency seeking art.

The want of united effort amongst the artists themselves, a result in measure of a small constituency, is one of the greatest drawbacks to a successful art school. Besides repelling public sympathy it scatters and nullifies the force essential to success. Against all the external obstructions, and there are many, there must needs be strong faith in the cause, unity of effort, untiring energy, and efficient service inside the school. If inside there is a lack of these, and any irrational iteration of pessimistic doctrines, the funeral obsequies of that school are in sight. As well give an infant a cold showerbath as preach pessimism to an art student. It may survive it. It may not.

We have an idea that co-operation with our public schools, where there are so many hundreds to whom art school instruction would prove valuable, at who can never study art separately would prove beneficial to both. The prevailing idea regarding an art education seems to be that of the builder, who would have the "architecture" put on his house by a man from Boston, after it was built. An art school should form a conspicuous part of our public calculations for education. These are some of the diseases hindering the art schools, but the remedy—ah! there's the rub. Our Toronto Art School has reason for encouragement in spite of all these. The financial returns for this quarter equal the returns for six months last year. This is hopeful. A visitor in the United States says we do it really need art, and advises giving it a start for a while. Neither does a new country need pioneers. Keep at it, artists. It's worth the trouble, and remember the gracious darkey who said that "if a fellow goes wuhk jes' as hard as he ken, he fohky yehs somep'ing jes' natchurally hedged foh to cooh," especially if his energy is not misdirected.

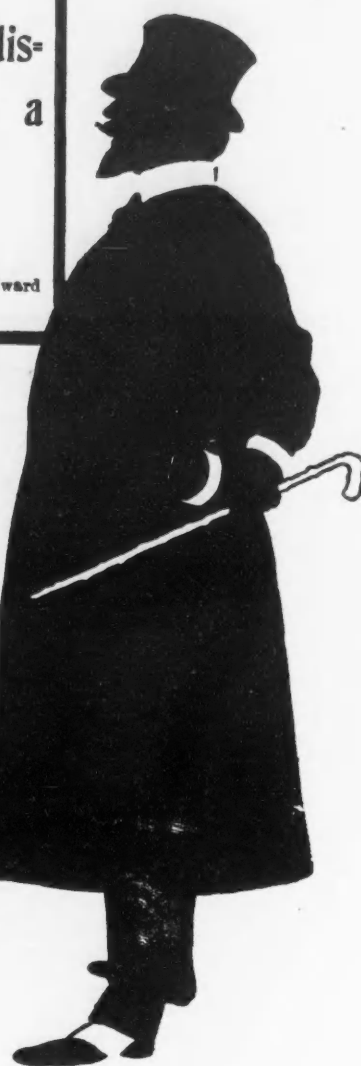
What a time has been made over Michael Angelo's Moses with his horns, says W. M. Hunt. Michael Angelo felt that Moses must have horns. To represent him he must have something more than a man with a full beard, and you must accept the horns just as you would a word which some poet had felicitated and had coined. There was the same talk about his plan of St. Peter's church. Everybody had always raised such a hue and cry about it, comparing it unfavorably with St. Paul's. Horace Binney Wallace, the Philadelphia writer upon art, was the first man to say, "fold on! Let's look at it from the artist's point of view. Let's walk out of Rome and see it thirty miles off." This church was intended to be a sort of handle to the city, and needed to be built just as it was built. Ah, those great men! Their lifetimes one prayer. We must believe that there was something in the past.

And now we have a Jaul-stick Club, consisting of a number of young students who have thrown off the swaddling bands of the Art School and are essaying to walk the uncertain and arduous path of art unaided. This ought to be another pity, for they should never be able to find outside of an art school any incentives to work not to be bad in it. However, young folks' Art Leagues have been found successful and helpful organizations here and elsewhere. What has been, can be, although we feel like "showing" them back to the mother nest.

The usual Saturday evening sketch was held last week at the home of Mrs. J. MacLachlan, Carlton street, and this Saturday evening will doubtless find the sketcher equally ensconced in the top story

Sometimes you eat too much.
Sometimes you drink too much.
Sometimes you do both.
HUTCH relieves that bad taste and distressed feeling which follow a social function.
It's a doctor for ten cents.

Ten Hutch Ten Cents. All druggists, or by mail from The Woodward Medicine Co., Limited, 11 Colborne Street, Toronto.



of Mrs. (Dr.) Elliott's comfortable home amidst innumerable objects of art discriminately selected from many sources.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Reid are able to give a good account of the weeks of summer spent in their home in the Catskills. An important mural decoration for a summer residence there accounts for many days' work. Above a dado of eight feet of antique oak panelling is this decoration of four feet in height and forty-eight in length. Three panels picturing spring, summer and autumn sentiment constitute the whole piece; delicacy of color, abundance of light, and aerial qualities conspicuous, constitute some of the charms of these delightful compositions. Mr. Reid has brought nature into the house certainly. We grudge the looking up away in the Catskills for a greater part of the year of this charming work. Mrs. Reid has given special attention to the study of flower grouping out of doors, masses of bright color and profusion of growth. We hope to speak more fully of these sketches later on.

The vicinity of Queenston, with its historic memories and its magnificent and varied natural scenery, is, strange to say, a region comparatively unexploited by Canadian artists. It abounds with combinations and arrangements of nature unique, almost, and has an individuality approaching the personal. C. M. Manly, O.S.A., has this season studied more carefully some of its aspects, penetrating into some of its usually unsought recesses, and has naturally enriched himself by imbibing much of the spirit of the place. These impressions he has transferred to paper for us to imbibe also. In his studio in York Chambers quite a collection of these views may be seen and they will repay inspection. The gorge at Lewiston, with its grandeur and variety, is there in all the glory of brilliant sunlight as well as in the mystery of cloud and fog; orchards whose laden trees cast such dark shadows over the level ground, over flower and grass; partially ruined houses, with ancient trees and poetical decay abounding—all the sights we so often spin through, but never see because we do not wait and woo their beauties by our silent contemplation.

Miss Ethel Heaven and Miss Clara Hagarty will be at home to their friends in their studio in York Chambers every Saturday afternoon this season from 2.30 till 6. We presume many other artists will be found in their studios at this time also during the winter season.

The Minaret at Jaffa, which accompanied F. S. Challenger from Palestine in his portfolio, is to find a permanent home in Winnipeg. It is well to see the distribution of the work of our artists over the land. A Moorland Scene of C. M. Manly has also found a home in Winnipeg. Mr. Manly has always been a favorite with the public.

The young ladies in art of St. Margaret's College spent a few pleasant hours last week in the studio of their teacher, Miss L. Muntz. Refreshments and a chat on art matters brought teacher and pupils into closer sympathy. If there be any enthusiasm or art-love in the innermost depths of any young lady's consciousness, we imagine Miss Muntz could reach it if any favorable opportunity be given her. Her class in the Hamilton Art School is feeling her earnest, cheery and efficient

force, as is also the class at St. Margaret's, which has developed both in numbers and interest since her connection with it.

JEAN GRANT.

Buying a Hat.

Mrs. Whittaker had called down at the office to take Mr. Whittaker out to buy him a hat.

"You're looking a perfect sight," she said.

"What's the matter with me?" asked Mr. Whittaker.

"It must be your hat!" said Mrs. Whittaker.

"But I haven't got my hat on," said Mr. Whittaker.

"I don't care," said Mrs. Whittaker, "you're looking an awful guy. It's time you had a new hat anyway."

"I'm awfully busy," Mr. Whittaker said.

"You come along," said Mrs. Whittaker.

Mr. Whittaker sighed and came along.

"What's your size?" asked the clerk.

"Six and seven-eighths," said Whittaker.

"Latest thing from New York, sir. Just your size."

Mr. Whittaker tried it on. It sat high and dry on three hairs of Mr. Whittaker's head.

"Too small," said he.

"They're wearing them small, sir," ventured the clerk.

"Let him see a size larger," said Mrs. Whittaker.

"This is the hat they're wearing in London," said the clerk.

"It doesn't fit him," said Mrs. Whittaker.

"Here's a seven and a quarter," said the clerk.

Seven and a quarter was too small and seven and five eighths had to be put on with a jack. But they bought a hat at last, and Mr. Whittaker was led forth resplendent.

Alas! Next day the new hat came down to his ears. Mr. Whittaker was hopping.

"You'll never buy a hat for me again," he said to the wonder-struck Mrs. Whittaker.

But it wasn't Mrs. Whittaker's fault, nor the hat's fault. It was Mr. Whittaker's fault for not taking a Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablet on coming home from the club the night before the hat was bought. Then his head would have been at its natural size.

Mr. Novice (indignantly)—See here, you rascal. You told me Tornado would win a walk! Tout (coolly)—And so he would. But this was a running race.—*Ex.*

Fashionable Niece (after showing her country aunt round the most up-to-date plays)—Well, auntie, what do you think of our theaters? "Well, my dearest, the theaters are very fine, better than even our town hall; but the plays want—sterilizing."

Saturday Night Building.

The following publication offices are located in the SATURDAY NIGHT Building:

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.
The Evening Star.
The Weekly Sun.
The Sentinel.
Money and Risks.
Canadian Cigar and Tobacco Journal.
The Liquor Journal.
The Canadian Wheelman.
Montreal Gazette.
The Christian Messenger.
The Howell Book Company.

One small office and a suite of rooms suitable for a publishing concern are yet vacant. Apply to the secretary of the Sheppard Publishing Company.

"America" to England.

By Denman A. Wagstaff, late colonel Michigan National Guard, Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A.

(In view of the present strength of sentiment in this and other countries relative to England's struggle in Africa, I have thought that a little American feeling upon the subject would not be ill-timed, and so I send these lines to SATURDAY NIGHT.)

O Motherland, we hope with thee,
That soon triumphant thou wilt be—
The Conqueror—
Not for the sake, that thou should'st gain,
All untold wealth, beyond the sea,
But for the mighty truth.

The motto long emblazoned on thy crest,
Has been "protection to thy sons in every clime,"
Where'er they roam, what'er should be their quest—
They're Britain's sons.

The march of civilization thou hast led,
From northern seas to India's tropic shores,
For God and Country have thy legions sped
O'er desert lands!

If gold or love of conquest drove thee on
To spill thy children's blood in foreign lands,
Yet did they die in peace.

For never hast thou left an unripe field—
The curse of ignorance, or that of kings—
But ever hast thou been the shield
Of Liberty.

Fight on! We hope with thee:
On Africa's slopes our hearts will be
Until the end.

The blood of ancient Britain fills our veins—
We hear the war cry and the bugle strains,
And pray with thee.

Fight on! Our battles and thine own,
For Britain's glory and the race
That yet shall live, tho' every field be strewn
With patriot dead.

Nov. 4, 1899.

Saving for the Boy.

THE doting grandmother presented a little savings-bank to the baby, and that caused all the trouble. At first it was welcomed enthusiastically, and not only did the happy mother and proud father put all their small change into it, but they held up every one who called, and made them deliver their pennies.

Then they resolved that in future they would save all pennies for the baby, and never spend any that came in. From that time on Mr. Newed's paper cost him five cents every evening, four cents going to the little bank. In the same way every letter that Mrs. Newed mailed cost her a nickel, for three cents went to the baby. This worked so well that Mrs. Newed got enthusiastic and began to think up new schemes for the enrichment of her darling. It was then that she evolved the brilliant plan of always treating the baby whenever she or her husband treated or bought anything that was unnecessary. In a weak moment Mr. Newed agreed, and the trouble began. Whenever Mrs. Newed took a glass of soda she put aside a nickel or dime, as the case might be, and Mr. Newed put a dime in the bank for every cigar he indulged in. Before this time they had not realized how much money they were in the habit of wasting, and the baby was accumulating funds like a trust company.

Then the parents began to be more careful about how they spent money on luxuries, and made themselves feel poor and uncomfortable. Treating the baby had doubled their little personal expenditures, and had in that way made all the little things they used to enjoy as a matter of course seem beyond their means. Next they began to palter with their consciences.

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Undoubtedly the best brewed on the continent. Proved to be so by Analyses of four Chemists, and by Awards of the World's Great Exhibitions, especially Chicago, 1893, where it received 96 points out of a hundred—much higher than any other Porter in United States or Canada.

SUBSTITUTION THE FRAUD OF THE DAY

See you get Carter's. Ask for Carter's. Insist and demand

CARTER'S Little Liver Pills

The only perfect Liver Pill. Take no other, even if solicited to do so. Beware of imitations of same colored wrapper—RED.

BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S

TRY THE

Toronto Brewing Co.'s

Diamond

Amber

India Pale

Extra Stout

Half and Half

Bottled from Stock Brewings and in Finest Condition

PURE SPARKLING MELLOW WHOLESOME DELICIOUS

All Dealers and Hotels have them

"Famous" Baseburner

The Handsomest and Best Working Stove of this Class in America.

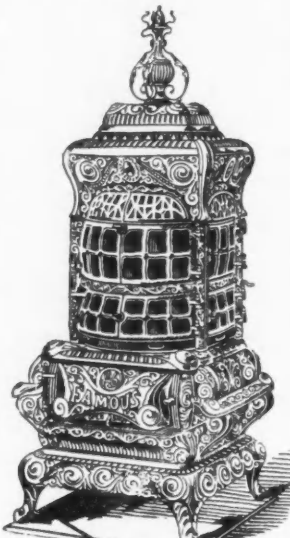
The construction of the flues gives it a greater heating capacity than any other.

Entire base radiates heat.

Made in two sizes, with and without oven. Oven is made with three flues same as a cooking stove. Double heater attachment by which heat can be carried to upper rooms. Beautifully nickled.

A Triumph of Art and Utility.

THE MCGILLY MFG. CO.,
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If your local dealer does not handle our goods, write our nearest house.

Mrs. Newed decided that when she was hot and tired after shopping a glass of soda was a necessity, and began to take one occasionally without setting aside anything for the baby. In the same way Mr. Newed decided that a cigar after lunch and dinner was really part of a meal, and for that reason a necessity, and baby's cigar money fell off wofully. Next Mr. Newed began to save by smoking a pipe. All this time they both were feeling that they were really cheating their darling, and that was not pleasant to think of.

After things had gone on in this way until they had both become expert capitalists, and baby's receipts had dwindled almost to nothing, Mr. Newed suddenly went back to cigars. He smoked like a furnace to catch up for lost time, and Mrs. Newed rejoiced to think that baby would soon have enough money laid by to give him a college education when he grew up. But she presently noticed that her husband never put any money in the bank, and so she finally protested.

"That's all right," said her husband cheerfully. "I always put aside a dime for baby when I buy a cigar."

"But how is it you never put any of them in the bank?"

"Because I don't want my boy to grow up to be a sponge. I am training him to keep up his end when he travels with a gentleman. I always treat him, and now when he has money ahead he treats me, and we are getting along famously."

Mrs. Newed promptly adopted the same plan, and happiness is restored.—*Peter McArthur in the Bazar.*

The widow has certain privileges. She can belong to the whist clubs, which taboo married couples (because life is short and war is unprofitable).—*Society Types,* by Ko Ko.

Mother—I don't like the look of that boy I saw you playing with to-day. You mustn't play with bad little boys, you know. Son—Oh, he isn't a bad little boy, mother. He's a good little boy. He's been sent to a reformatory two times, and they've let him out each time on account of good behavior.

"You referred to your friend as a dead game sportsman!" "Yes; he always buys his birds in the market. Dead game is his specialty."—*Washington Star.*



People who are languid, tired out, suffering from the after effects of La Grippe can here in the mineral waters of the springs win back health and strength. A card will bring you descriptive pamphlet. Everything here for human health and comfort. Health-giving springs, pure air, food and water. Liberal table.

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PRESTON SPRINGS
R. WALKER, Proprietor.

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TWO ARTISTS OF WORLD-WIDE FAME.



ARTHUR FRIEDHEIM.
The Distinguished Pianist.



MADAME FRIEDHEIM.
The Beautiful Mezzo-Soprano.

Toronto has reason to be gratified that on Thursday next, November 16, an opportunity is to be given to hear these two gifted musicians, Arthur Friedheim and Madame Friedheim. Friedheim, himself, is doubtless the most distinguished pianist that has visited Toronto for many years. The conservative British press would not speak of him as the *Times*, *Telegraph* and *Standard* have spoken of this artist as if he did not rise equal to their expectations. In all the large cities of Europe Friedheim has won wonderful triumphs. The presentation of a diamond pin to this artist by Her Majesty the Queen, referred to in these columns a week ago, is only another indication of the remarkable impression he has made on the most critical musical public. Madame Friedheim possesses a mezzo soprano voice that has delighted the people everywhere, and she will give several numbers on the programme Thursday next. Her musical abilities are supplemented by a very handsome personality, that has made her a favorite in the best society circles in Great Britain and on the Continent.

Music.

MR. J. D. A. TRIPP, our brilliant young piano virtuoso, won a distinct triumph at his piano recital in Association Hall on Tuesday evening. There was quite a society gathering to greet him, among whom were recognized many of the representative musicians of the city. Mr. Tripp gave a varied and comprehensive selection, and was in his best form, playing with assurance, power, brilliance and certainty. As feats of finished execution, it will only be necessary to mention his playing of Rubinstein's Etude in C, and the Tausig transcription of the Bach Toccata and Fugue in D minor. The latter was a most meritorious and lucid exposition of the music, to say nothing of its technical features. He also distinguished himself in a number of short pieces, and in Moszkowski's Valse in E major. Altogether, Mr. Tripp proved himself to be a finely equipped solo pianist, in addition to being a thoughtful and musically interpreter. He had the valuable assistance of Miss Littlehales, formerly of Hamilton, and now of New York, as solo violinist, who proved herself to be a legitimate player with a well developed technique, and Miss Violet Gooderham, as vocalist, who made a most favorable impression by her singing of Clayton John's Where Blooms the Rose and other numbers, in which she displayed a very pretty voice and sympathetic style. Mrs. Blight played the accompaniments with her accustomed efficiency and tender consideration for the soloists.

The first of the Massey Hall winter course of concerts, which was given on Monday last, was an exceedingly enjoyable event. The supreme attraction of the evening was the singing of Miss Clara Butt, the English contralto, who made her first appearance in Toronto. Miss Butt made an indisputable triumph with her very first number, and thereafter each succeeding song served to intensify the impression she had created on her entrance. She has a striking and at the same time winning personality. She is of statuesque proportions—divinely tall—has a most pleasant and attractive face, and, above all, the inestimable advantage of youth, about twenty-two years having been the sum total of her experience of life. As to her voice, it is truly a glorious organ in its mellow richness, power and sympathy. It is of genuine contralto timbre, of that rare and delightful quality of tone that approaches the best examples of the mezzo-soprano. The very sound of her voice, in soft and subdued effects, carries with it a touching expression that needs no resources of art to reach the hearts of her hearers. While the voice is weighty—of great volume—there is nothing of that uncouthness or coarseness in it which is so often a blemish with the true contralto. It is speaking with reserve to say that the audience were delighted with her singing; they were evidently glowing with enthusiasm, which expressed itself in twelve unanimous and demonstrative recalls. Miss Butt's expression seems to be prompted by a sensitively emotional temperament, and by the passing suggestion of the words of her songs. Everything she does seems unstudied and free from conventional devices. She is a natural born singer, and if occasionally she shows an exuberance of fervor and a slight unevenness of method, these are faults that no one pays attention to. With her youth, everything in the way of development of style and method is still possible to her, and without detracting from her present rare gifts and accomplishments, one may say she gives promise of a still more brilliant future. Her rendering of Liddle's Abide With Me thrilled with devotional feeling, while her Song of Triumph

(Allison) rang through the hall with an elevation of spirit and majesty of tone that was irresistible in its domination. Blumenthal's Sleep was an exquisitely soothing and sensuous number as sung by her. It is not surprising that the hall was not completely filled, because Miss Butt's reputation as a singer, which is but of recent date, was comparatively unknown to the public of Toronto. Now that she has made so convincing a triumph, it is a pleasure to know that the management of the Massey Hall has re-engaged her for a second concert on Friday night, and although the event will be too late in the week for notice in this issue of SATURDAY NIGHT, it was anticipated at the time of writing this report that she would be received with a thoroughly large and representative audience and would confirm the verdict of a first impression. Miss Butt was assisted by Signor Alberti, a good operatic baritone; Mr. Alfred Hoffman, solo violinist, and a delicate and sentimental player with an excellent technique, and Mr. W. H. Hewlett, accompanist.

As stated in a previous issue, Miss Evelyn Ashton Fletcher—under conditions indicated in one of our advertising columns—is to give in Toronto, some time during the coming winter or spring, a teachers' course in the Fletcher Music Method, simple and kindergarten. It is advisable that all interested as possible students should, without delay, either correspond with Miss Fletcher at New York, or personally interview her Toronto representative. The course will not be given under the auspices of any one educational institution in this city. For the elementary instruction of young children the Fletcher Music Method has won the unqualified approbation and endorsement of many of the greatest authorities in Canada, the United States, England and Germany.

The All Saints' music was sung at St. Simon's church at the services last Sunday under the direction of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, and attracted large congregations. A very effective accompaniment in addition to the organ was furnished by two cornets and two trombones efficiently played by Messrs. Crosby, Rooney, Gray and Steele. The anthem, Blessing, Glory, Wisdom, by Tours, will be repeated by request to-morrow evening, and will be accompanied by the same instruments. Master H. Meeking, the popular boy soprano, will also sing Glory to Thee My God This Night, by Gounod. Doubtless many who were unable to gain admission on Sunday evening will embrace this opportunity.

On Saturday night last Manager Suckling gave the first of a projected series of military concerts for the masses in the Massey Hall. The venture was most auspiciously inaugurated, the attendance numbering more than three thousand people. The music was mostly supplied by the massed bands of the city regiments, the muster of musicians reaching a total of seventy-five. Taking advantage of the warlike spirit aroused by events in the Transvaal, and the despatch of a Canadian contingent to South Africa, the programme was arranged to give prominence to patriotic and national music, which was received with almost tumultuous enthusiasm. The combined bands gave a surprisingly good account of themselves, and played with much more refinement of tone and precision of attack than were expected considering the short notice they had obtained for preparation. It is a great pity, seeing that they did so well, that some objection which has been taken to the engagement of a few players who are not members of the Union, may prevent their re-engagement. I learn that one result of the difficulty is that for tonight's (Saturday) concert the band of the 13th Battalion of Hamilton will be brought

here to supply their place. Seeing that non-union men are allowed to play in the theater orchestras, it seems strange that an objection should have been raised to them on this occasion. However, resuming the notice of this first concert, the band was assisted by Miss Irons, who gave an appropriate recitation with good effect, and Messrs. Schuch and Courtice Brown, who sang as a duet The Boys of the Old Brigade, which was liked well enough to demand a repetition. Mr. Ramsey, the popular entertainer, sang a couple of patriotic songs and officiated as lecturer in explaining a number of stereotyped views of South Africa, with scenes illustrating the departure of the Canadian Contingent, portraits of the generals of the South African forces, of the Queen and family, Lord Salisbury, Mr. Chamberlain, Oom Paul, President Steyn, and other notables engaging the public attention at this juncture. Mr. Suckling intends to introduce new features at each concert, and will continue these Saturday night entertainments throughout the winter if he receives a reasonable amount of support from the public.

The music to be sung at the Service of Praise at the Church of the Redeemer on Tuesday evening next will embrace some choice selections: Naylor's God That Madest Earth and Heaven, new in this city, with tenor solo by Mr. Courtice Brown; the favorite chorus from the Golden Legend, O Gladness Light; He in Tears That Soweth, from Hiller's Song of Victory, and the Holy, Holy, from Gounod's St. Cecilia Mass; the two latter, with solos by Miss Flanagan, comprise the pieces for the choir. Miss Louise Craig will sing Hear Ye, Israel, from the Elijah, and Miss Ruby Shea will sing Hear Me, O Lord, by Mascherone, while Mr. W. E. Fairclough will play a melody and intermezzo, and a scherzo by H. W. Parker, and flute adagio by Diemel. A collection will be taken up in aid of the choir fund.

The pianoforte recital given by pupils of Dr. Edward Fisher in the Conservatory Music Hall on Thursday evening of last week was attended by a large audience of music lovers who listened with interest and appreciation to a programme in which the following standard composers were represented: Hollaender, Chopin, Beethoven, Schumann, Paderewski, Henselt, Raff, Rubinstein, Grieg, MacDowell. The various numbers received a musical rendering which, added to a well developed technique, resulted in an artistic interpretation which was highly pleasing. The pupils who took part were: Misses Grace Emmett, Leslie Horner, Madeline Ryan, Ethel Rolfe, Rose Kitchen, Elsie Kitchen, Mabel S. Hicks, Blanche Badgley, Bessie Cowan, Mabel O'Brien, A.T.C.M., Ada F. Wagstaff, F.T.C.M. The vocal numbers rendered so efficiently by Misses Edith McKay, Emily Findlay, A.T.C.M., and Florence MacPherson gave an additional interest to the programme.

The fifth annual concert of the Sons of Scotland, in the Massey Hall on Tuesday evening, was a very successful affair and attracted a crowded house. The programme, which was of a popular order, was almost entirely made up of Scotch music. Those who contributed were: Miss Rebecca Mackenzie, a talented soprano with a pleasing voice, who won a great triumph by her expressive rendering of Bonnie Sweet Bessie; Mr. Arthur Heresford, the American basso; Mr. Harold Jarvis, the favorite tenor; Mrs. Julie Wyman, contralto, and Mr. H. F. Anderson, comic vocalist. All these artists were greeted with warm acclamations and were liberally encored during the evening. The dancing of the four little Misses Florence Campbell, Ruthie Bryce, Minnie Ross and Florence Gardner, which was a spirited and clever performance, quite won the hearts of the audience and was one of the

hits of the evening. The band of the 18th Highlanders gave a selection of national music, which evoked more than the usual degree of enthusiasm, and Mr. George Murray played the pipes for the dances. The concert and its arrangements reflected much credit upon the committee of management.

So many hundreds of people were unable to obtain tickets for the organ recital and sacred concert on Thursday evening of last week in Jarvis street Baptist church, and the event was so great a musical success, that it has been decided to repeat the programme at an early date with some minor modifications. The recent concert was one of the best ever given by the fine choir of the church, who never sang with more effect nor with more finish and refinement. The organ playing of Miss Norma Tandy of Kingston proved a delightful surprise to the audience. She easily ranks as one of the most accomplished pupils of Mr. A. S. Vogt, and won the very warmest praise from the musicians and organ students by her rendering of Gullmair's first Sonata and Lux's Fantasia on O Sanctissima.

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Social and Personal.

Mr. J. K. Macdonald, the general manager of the Confederation Life Association, has been quite ill for some days, but has now recovered and is able to be about again.

Mrs. E. J. Wood, wife of the curate of St. Simon's church, is recovering in St. John's hospital from a recent illness.

Mr. G. Mercer Adam, from Akron, Ohio, and his three daughters, were guests in town this week to attend the wedding of Mr. G. G. Adam of the Ontario Bank.

Miss King, daughter of Dr. King of St. Catharines, has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hay of Rosedale.

Upon the marriage of Mr. G. G. Adam, accountant of the Ontario Bank, which took place on Wednesday, the staff of the bank presented him with a handsome case of table silver as an expression of their good-will.

Congratulations are in order to Mr. Henry C. Schofield, who has been promoted to the position of manager of the Dominion Bank in Guelph.

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The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

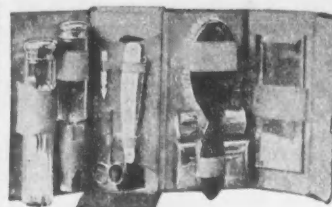
HUNTER—Nov. 5, Mrs. W. H. Hunter—a son, Wilson—Nov. 5, Mrs. C. L. Wilson—a daughter.
JACKSON—Nov. 6, Mrs. R. Jackson—a son.
SWAIN—Nov. 6, Mrs. Watson Swaine—a son.
MELVILLE—Nov. 5, Mrs. Wm. Melville—a son.
JOHNSTON—Nov. 1, Mrs. A. Johnston—a daughter.
LESTER—Oct. 26, Mrs. Marcus T. Lester—a son.
SWAITE—Nov. 1, Mrs. W. J. Swaite—a daughter.

Marriages.

JAQUES—BROWN—Nov. 1, David Byron Jaques of Listowel to Annie Margaret Brown.
FISHER—BENNETT—Nov. 2, James Fisher of Mount Forest to Mary Bennett.
GRIFFITH—BARRITT—Nov. 1, Robert Constantine Griffith to Edna Blanch Barritt.
BARRITT—ARNOT—Jan. 25, Horace W. Barritt to Florence Arnot.
MIATT—McMILLAN—Nov. 4, Wm. H. Miatt to Frances E. McMillan.
BLACKWELL—MACLENNAN—Nov. 8, Charles Seward Blackwell to Mary Elizabeth Maclelland.
EASTON—WATT—Nov. 7, Rev. W. A. Easton to Emma Harriet Watt.
KEARNS—HUNTER—Nov. 8, Walker Graham Kearns of Orangeville to Lillian Victoria Hunter.
SOUTHAM—CARGILL—Nov. 7, Cargill, Ont., Wilson Mills Southam of Ottawa to Henrietta Alberta Cargill.

Deaths.

McCORMICK—Nov. 3, Samuel J. McCormick, aged 75.
POTTER—Nov. 3, Charles Potter, aged 62.
MICKLE—Hortense Mickle, aged 16 months.
KENWORTHY—Oct. 31, Amsterdam, N.Y., John Kenworthy, aged 83.
WALTON—Nov. 1, Mrs. Hannah Walton, aged 75.
BENNETT—Nov. 7, Robert Bennett.
HACKETT—Nov. 7, John Hackett, aged 74.
COLE—Nov. 7, Mrs. George Cole, aged 22.
HAY—Oct. 25, India, Lieut. Col. Henry Hay.
SMITH—Nov. 7, Mary Smith.
MACDONALD—Nov. 8, Thomas Macdonald, aged 78.
COLLIE—Nov. 6, James Collie, aged 84.
FERGUSON—Nov. 5, James Edward Ferguson, aged 29.
McCLAREN—Oct. 27, Mrs. Ann McClaren, aged 72.
McCULLOUGH—Emily McCullough.
WARWICK—Nov. 6, Mrs. Rosina Frances Warwick, aged 68.
MURHEAD—Nov. 3, Mrs. Elizabeth Murhead, aged 72.
McCULLOUGH—Nov. 5, James McCullough, aged 83.
SHEWAN—Nov. 6, Magnus Shewan, aged 81.



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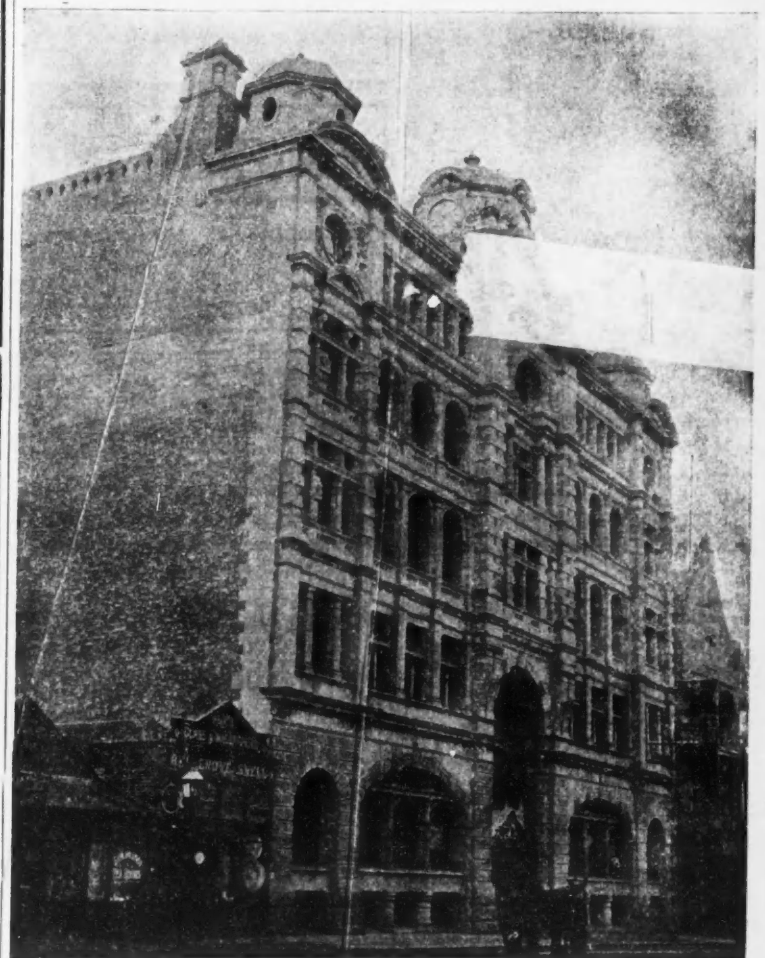


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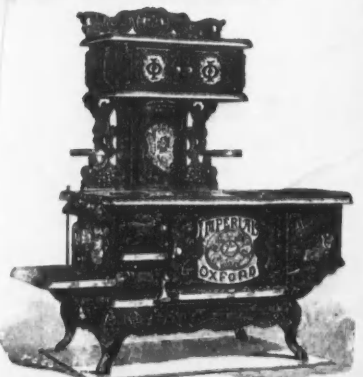
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